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REVIEWS

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides; by James Boswell, Esq. A new Edition, with numerous additions and Notes by John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S.

[Second Notice.]

Our first notice of this work was no hurried performance, but slowly and deliberately written: we went, indeed, hastily through the numerous pages, but it was like a gentle hand over a bowl of sweet milk, skimming the cream and giving our readers a tasting as we went. We have now gone slowly and circumspectly through it, and what we praised in the gross we can conscientiously praise in the detail; we cannot, indeed, increase the praise, for that was high—we might abate, perhaps, the censure, but it would be so little, that we had better let bygones be bygones, as we of the north have it, and proceed to our labour. We may, however, say, that there are some errors in point of fact; some mistakes in dates and names; several erroneous opinions; and typographical blunders not a few, imputable to the editor, yet nothing to detract from the general merit of the work, any more than a withered leaf lessens the beauty of a green tree. Nor are we sure that we would have noticed such slips at all, had not Mr. Croker induced us from his preface to expect something like unparalleled accuracy: he has proved in the upshot a mere mortal, though a marvellous clever one. We love him nothing the worse for these symptoms of mortality: he may now say with the northern clergyman, in his sermon on Perfectionism—"Brethren, be not dismayed that because ye cannot be perfect ye will therefore become reprobate and accursed—know ye not that there is no perfection in man?—even *I myself* am not perfect." We shall now proceed to tie up a few of these new flowers as neatly and compactly as we can—there are pearls from the Hebrides, gathered by Sir Walter Scott, worthy of being strung on the tresses of a mermaid.

Many interesting facts are added, and many doubtful parts cleared up in the youthful part of Johnson's life. His ill health and his warfare for subsistence united sometimes, by his own confession, to drive him nearly mad. "Poor dear Collins," he says, in a letter to Warton, "I have been often near his state (insanity), and, therefore, hold it in great commiseration." It appears, too, that he was more punctual in the observance of his duties at college than what Boswell has said, and the Scotch will be glad to learn that he was so long in determining between *will* and *shall* in his literary compositions as to countenance the supposition, that, like Ben Jonson, he was of north country extraction. Nor is it uncheering to the scholar and the

genius, who may be now struggling for bread and fame, to be informed, that Johnson subsisted for a considerable space of time upon fourpence halfpenny a day: and that when he became eminent, he found that abstinence from strong drink and rich suppers were beneficial both to mind and body. We know not on what authority it is said that Johnson *envied* Garrick and Sheridan: of what could he envy them? one made mouths at Shakspeare, and the other wrote some inferior works. That Johnson felt he was neglected, while these men, immeasurably his inferiors, were patronized, had nothing envious in it; a poet, whom Mr. Croker, no doubt, despises, for he is a plebeian, says, and says truly—

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep at times from being sour
To see how things are shared—
How many real gude fellows want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And kenna how to war'e't.—BURNS.

Johnson meant no more than what the poet has expressed, and I think he may be forgiven: Garrick was riding in his coach, and Johnson was so miserably clad, that Cave the bookseller, when he entertained Mr. Harte at his table, placed a plate of victuals for Johnson behind a screen that he might be invisible and yet hear what was said. Neither do we agree with Mr. Croker in his sentiments respecting the quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and Johnson: it is not a pleasant thing to a man of genius to wait in outer rooms, and be repulsed from the door of any man, much less of one who was a lover of literature and set up for its patron. That the peer had repelled the humble commoner, there can be no doubt: Johnson was not of that nature to write a deliberate letter complaining of neglect and insult without provocation.—Now for our flowers and pearls. Be it remembered, that what we quote are illustrations of names, and events, and opinions, supplied by the editor and by some of the first men of the age. We will merely name the subject and add the authority:—

Lord Erskine.—"Born in 1748; entered the navy as a midshipman in 1764, and the army as an ensign in the royals in 1768. He was called to the bar in 1779; appointed a king's council in 1783, and, in 1806, lord chancellor of England, and created a baron by the title of Lord Erskine. He died in 1823. Neither his conversation, (though, even to the last, remarkable for fluency and vivacity,) nor his parliamentary speeches, ever bore any proportion to the extraordinary force and brilliancy of his forensic eloquence. Those who only knew him in private, or in the house of commons, had some difficulty in believing the effect he produced at the bar. During the last years of his life, his conduct was eccentric to a degree that justified a suspicion, and even a hope, that his understanding was impaired."—Croker.

Dr. Robert Vansittart.—"Dr. Robert Vansittart, LL.D., professor of civil law at Oxford, and recorder of Windsor. He was a senior fellow of

All Souls, where, after he had given up the profession in London, he chiefly resided in a set of rooms, formerly the old library, which he had fitted up in the Gothic style, and where he died about 1794. He was remarkable for his good-humour and inoffensive wit, and a great favourite on the Oxford circuit. He was tall and very thin; and the bar gave the name of *Counsellor Van* to a sharp-pointed rock on the Wye, which still retains the name. He was the elder brother of Mr. Henry Vansittart, governor of Bengal, father of the present Lord Bexley, to whom the editor is indebted for the above particulars relative to his uncle."—Croker.

Sterne.—"Sterne, as may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson; and a lady once ventured to ask him how he liked Yorick's sermons: 'I know nothing about them, madam,' was his reply. But some time afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them, and the lady very aptly retorted, 'I understood you to say, sir, that you had never read them.' 'No, madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach. I should never have deigned even to look at them had I been at large.'—Cradock.

Goldsmith and Boswell.—"I wonder why Boswell so often displays a malevolent feeling towards Goldsmith? Rivalry for Johnson's good graces, perhaps."—Walter Scott.

Henry Erskine.—"It was on this visit to the parliament-house that Mr. Henry Erskine (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine), after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his bear."—Walter Scott.

The Scotch Literati.—"Lord Stowell recollects that Johnson was treated by the Scottish literati with a degree of deference bordering on pusillanimity; but he excepts from that observation Mr. Crossie, whom he characterizes as an intrepid talker, and the only man who was disposed to stand up (as the phrase is) to Johnson."—Croker.

Charles II. and his Ladies.—"Lord Hailes was hypercritical. Vane was handsome, or, what is more to our purpose, appeared so to her royal lover; and Sedley, whatever others may have thought of her, had 'the charms which pleased a king.' So that Johnson's illustrations are morally just. His lordship's proposed substitution of a fabulous (or at least apocryphal) beauty like *Jane Shore*, whose story, even if true, was obsolete; or that of a foreigner, like *Mlle. De La Vallière*, little known and less cared for amongst us, is not only tasteless but inaccurate; for *Mlle. De La Vallière's* beauty was quite as much questioned by her contemporaries as Miss Sedley's. Bussy Rabutin was exiled for sneering at Louis's admiration of her mouth, which he calls

— un bec amoureux,
Qui d'une oreille à l'autre va.

And Madame Du Plessis-Believre writes to Fouquet, 'Mlle. De La Vallière a fait la capable envers moi. Je l'ay encensée par sa beauté, qui n'est pourtant pas grand.' And, finally, after Lord Hailes had clipped down the name of *De La Vallière* into *Fallière*, his ear might have told him that it did not yet even yet fit the metre."—Croker.

Advocate Maclaurin.—"Mr. Maclaurin, advocate, son of the great mathematician, and afterwards a judge of session by the title of Lord Dreghorn. He wrote some indifferent English poems; but was a good Latin scholar, and a man of wit and accomplishment. His quotations from the classics were particularly apposite. In the famous case of *Knight*, which determined the right of a slave to freedom if he landed in Scotland, Maclaurin pleaded the cause of the negro. The counsel opposite was the celebrated Wight, an excellent lawyer, but of a very homely appearance, with heavy features, a blind eye, which projected from the socket, a swag belly, and a limp. To him Maclaurin applied the lines of Virgil,

*Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses.
O formosè puer, nimium ne crede colori.*

Mr. Maclaurin wrote an essay against the Homeric tale of 'Troy divine,' I believe, for the sole purpose of introducing a happy motto,

Non anni domuere decem, non mille carine."

Walter Scott.

Alexander Webster.—"Dr. Alexander Webster was remarkable for the talent with which he at once supported his place in convivial society, and a high character as a leader of the strict and rigid presbyterian party in the church of Scotland, which certainly seemed to require very different qualifications. He was ever gay amid the gayest: when it once occurred to some one present to ask, what one of his Elders would think, should he see his pastor in such a merry mood.—'Think!' replied the doctor, 'why he would not believe his own eyes.'"—*Walter Scott.*

Lord Dunsinane.—"Mr. William Nairne, afterwards Sir William, and a judge of the court of session, by the title, made classical by Shakespeare, of Lord Dunsinane. He was a man of scrupulous integrity. When sheriff depute of Perthshire, he found, upon reflection, that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously; and as the only remedy, supplied the litigant privately with money to carry the suit to the supreme court, where his judgment was reversed. Sir William was of the old school of manners, somewhat formal, but punctiliously well bred."—*Walter Scott.*

Archbishop Sharp.—"It is very singular that Dr. Johnson, with all his episcopal partiality, should have visited Archbishop Sharp's monument, and been in company with his descendant, without making any observation on his character and melancholy death, or on the general subject of Scottish episcopacy."—*Walter Scott.*

Scotch Trees.—Johnson has been unjustly abused for dwelling on the barrenness of Fife. There are good trees in many parts of that county, but the east coast, along which lay Johnson's route, is certainly destitute of wood, excepting young plantations. The other tree mentioned by Colonel Nairne is probably the Prior Letham plane, measuring in circumference at the surface nearly twenty feet, and at the setting on of the branches nineteen feet. This giant of the forest stands in a cold exposed situation, apart from every other tree."—*Walter Scott.*

Lord Monboddo.—"Johnson says to Mrs. Thrale, 'We agreed pretty well, only we disputed in adjusting the claim of merit between a shopkeeper of London and a savage of the American wilderness. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both sides without full conviction. Monboddo declared boldly for the savage, and I, perhaps for that reason, sided with the citizen.'"—*Croker.*

Arthur Johnston, the Latin Poet.—"Johnson is one of the most eminent men that Aberdeen has produced. He was a native of the county, (born about 1687,) and rector of the university. His works were originally printed at Aberdeen; and their not being to be found in that seat of

learning to which he did so much honour is exceedingly strange. But such things sometimes happen. In Haarlem, the cradle of the art of printing, the editor could not find a guide-book to the town."—*Croker.*

Finnon Haddocks.—"A protest may be entered on the part of most Scotchmen against the doctor's taste in this particular. A Finnion haddock, dried over the smoke of the sea-weed, and sprinkled with salt water during the process, acquires a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire. Some of our Edinburgh philosophers tried to produce their equal in vain. I was one of a party at a dinner, where the philosophical haddocks were placed in competition with the genuine Finnion-fish. These were served round without distinction whence they came; but only one gentleman, out of twelve present, espoused the cause of philosophy."—*Walter Scott.*

Burning Cathedrals.—"Note by Lord Hailes: 'The cathedral of Elgin was burnt by the Lord of Badenoch, because the Bishop of Moray had pronounced an award not to his liking. The indemnification that the see obtained was, that the Lord of Badenoch stood for three days barefooted at the great gate of the cathedral. The story is in the chartulary of Elgin.'"—*Boswell.* Light as this penance was, an Irish chieftain fared still better. The eighth Earl of Kildare was charged before Henry VII. with having burned the cathedral of Cashel: he expressed his contrition for the sacrilege, adding, that he never would have done it had he not thought that the archbishop had been in it. The king made him lord lieutenant."—*Croker.*

Johnson no Gentleman.—"Garrick used to tell that Johnson was so ignorant of what the manners of a gentleman were, that he said of some stroller at Lichfield, that there was a *courtly vivacity* about him; 'whereas in fact,' added Garrick, 'he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards,' (post, 12th March, 1776). No doubt the most difficult, though perhaps not the highest, branch of the actor's art is to catch the light colours and forms of fashionable life; but if Garrick, who lived so much in the highest society, had not this quality, what actor could ever hope to possess it?"—*Croker.*

Spanish Invasion.—"In 1719, Spain projected an invasion of Scotland in behalf of the Chevalier, and destined a great force for that purpose, under the command of the Duke of Ormond. But owing to storms, only three frigates, with three hundred or four hundred Spaniards on board, arrived in Scotland. They had with them the banished Earl of Seaforth, chief of the Mackenzies, a man of great power, exiled for his share in the rebellion of 1715. He raised a considerable body of Highlanders of his own and friendly clans, and disembarking the Spaniards, came as far as the great valley called Glensheal, in the West Highlands. General Wightman marched against them from Inverness with a few regular forces, and several of the Grants, Rosses, Munros and other clans friendly to government. He found the insurgents in possession of a very strong pass called Strachel, from which, after a few days' skirmishing, they retired, Seaforth's party not losing a man, and the others having several slain. But the Earl of Seaforth was dangerously wounded in the shoulder, and obliged to be carried back to the ships. His clan deserted or dispersed, and the Spaniards surrendered themselves prisoners of war to General Wightman."—*Walter Scott.*

A Highland Rebellion.—"Dr. Johnson seems to have forgotten that a Highlander going armed at this period, incurred the penalty of serving as a common soldier for the first, and of transportation beyond seas for a second offence. And as for 'calling out his clan,' twelve High-

landers and a bagpipe made a rebellion."—*Walter Scott.*

Common Sense account of Inscriptions.—"What a strange perversion of language!—universal! Why, if it had been in Latin, so far from being universally understood, it would have been an utter blank to one (the better) half of the creation, and, even of the men who might visit it, ninety-nine will understand it in English for one who could in Latin. Something may be said for epitaphs and inscriptions addressed, as it were, to the world at large—a triumphal arch—the pillar at Blenheim—the monument on the field of Waterloo; but a Latin epitaph, in an English church, appears, in principle, as absurd as the dinner, which the doctor gives in Peregrine Pickle, after the manner of the ancients. A mortal may surely be well satisfied if his fame lasts as long as the language in which he spoke or wrote."—*Croker.*

Cold Sheep's Head.—"Begging pardon of the Doctor and his conductor, I have often seen and partaken of cold sheep's head at as good breakfast-tables as ever they sat at. This protest is something in the manner of the late Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter. I have passed over all the Doctor's other reproaches upon Scotland, but the sheep's head I will defend *totis viribus*. Dr. Johnson himself must have forgiven my zeal on this occasion; for if, as he says, dinner be the thing of which a man thinks *oftenest during the day*, breakfast must be that of which he thinks *first in the morning*."—*Walter Scott.*

Sir Allan Maclean.—"Sir Allan Maclean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland, *writers* (which, indeed, was the chief motive of his retiring to Inch Kenneth). Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas; Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend whom that handsome seat belonged to. 'Me—, the writer to the signet,' was the reply. 'Umph!' said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, 'I mean that other house.' 'Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie —, also a writer to the signet.' 'Umph!' said the Highland chief of McLean, with more emphasis than before. 'And you smaller house?' 'That belongs to a Stirling man; I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for —.' Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, 'My good friend, I must own, you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood.'"—*Walter Scott.*

Amiabilities between Johnson and Adam Smith.—"Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so, as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute—he's a brute;' but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume (ante, v. ii. p. 267, n.). Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said,' replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said, you lie!' 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, you are a son of a —!' On such terms did these two great moralists meet

and part; and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy."—*Walter Scott.*

Dr. Robertson and Johnson.—"Boswell himself was callous to the contacts of Dr. Johnson; and when telling them, always reminded one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, 'pretty rogue—no vice—all fun.' To him Johnson's rudeness was only 'pretty Fanny's way.' Dr. Robertson had a sense of good-breeding which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness."—*Walter Scott.*

Lord Auchinleck and Johnson.—"Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family, and, moreover, he was a strict presbyterian and whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engagé* one after another. 'There's nae hope for Jamie, mon,' he said to a friend. 'Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do ye think he has pinned himself to now, mon?' Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. 'A dominie, mon—an auld dominie: he kept a schule, and caud it an academie.' Probably, if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life; it would have aggravated his dislike of Lord Auchinleck's whiggery and presbyterianism. These the old lord carried to such an unusual height, that once when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *covenanted* magistrate. 'Is that a' your objection, mon?' said the judge; 'come your ways in here, and we'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together.' The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both; and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high tory and episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the royal society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of whig and tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped; but the controversy between tory and covenanter raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out: 'God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck.' He taught kings they had a *joint* in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order."—*Walter Scott.*

Lord Elibank and Johnson.—"Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland: 'Yes,' said he; 'and where else will you see such horses and such men?'"—*Walter Scott.*

The Macdonalds at Culloden.—"The Macdo-

nalds always laid claim to be placed on the right of the whole clans, and those of that tribe assign the breach of this order at Culloden as one cause of the loss of the day. The Macdonalds, placed on the left wing, refused to charge, and positively left the field unassailed and unbroken. Lord George Murray in vain endeavoured to urge them on by saying that their behaviour would make the left the right, and that he himself would take the name of Macdonald. On this subject there are some curious notices, in a very interesting journal written by one of the *seven men* of Moidart, as they were called—Macdonalds of the Clanronald sept, who were the first who declared for the prince at his landing in their chief's country. It is in the Lockhart papers, vol. ii. p. 510."—*Walter Scott.*

Mrs. Thrale's Honesty.—"Bäch y Graig was the mansion house of the estate which had fallen to Mrs. Thrale, and was the cause of this visit to Wales. Incredible as it may appear, it is certain that this lady imported from Italy a nephew of Piozzi's, and, making him assume her maiden name of *Salisbury*, bequeathed to this foreigner (if she did not give it in her lifetime) this ancient patrimonial estate, to the exclusion of her own children."—*Croker.*

We shall now conclude: we have, our readers will think, extracted largely; but we have only taken one per cent. off these five volumes: pulled a few dozens of apples from a tree which carries cart-loads. We wish that Mr. Croker would do the same kind office for Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, which he has done for Boswell's volumes: his extensive reading—his varied knowledge—his wit and sagacity—together with his feeling in all poetic matters, render him one of the fittest persons we know for such a task: at the least, he ought to add the life of his eminent countryman Goldsmith to the *Lives of Johnson*: the works of Oliver will live, but the memory of the man and the poet is dying away—much might yet be done by a skilful and judicious writer.

It is more than probable that we shall have another gleaning in this field.

A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery; illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published. London, 1831. Hurst & Chance.

THERE is no early navigator occupying a place equally distinguished in the history of geographical discovery, whose life and adventures are so imperfectly known as those of Sebastian Cabot. Some writers call him a Venetian, others "a Genoa's son, born at Bristowe." Nearly all have ascribed to him the first discovery of the American continent; but the glory of this splendid achievement is again obscured by doubts respecting the direction of his early voyages, and the share of praise which results from them to himself individually. To sift these questions, to reconcile the difficulties of conflicting statements, to dissipate the clouds which hang over the fair fame of the adventurous seaman, and to disentangle the errors which the lapse of three centuries has tended to bind more closely together, is the task to which the author of the volume before us has applied himself with singular patience and resolution; and although he has not reaped a valuable harvest of new facts from his researches, he certainly has introduced order and consistency into the accounts already extant;—if he has not thrown much

light on the life of Sebastian Cabot, he has at least exposed the numberless falsifications and mistakes of preceding historians.

But let not our readers suppose that in this memoir of one of the earliest navigators who crossed the Atlantic and visited the shores of a new world, they can hurry over pages rendered captivating by the joint charms of a novel scene, the spirit of adventure, and the ardour of unbounded hopes. Quite the contrary: Cabot himself, involved in fogs and beset with ice in his perilous voyage, was not exposed to more wearisome labour than awaits those who venture to wade through the crabbed logic and subtle argument of our author. We are ready to allow its full value to the praise bestowed by Gibbon on Tillemont, "that his inimitable accuracy almost assumes the character of genius;" but there is no reason why the strictest accuracy may not be united to the graces of an agreeable narrative. Our author tells us in his preface, "that he is very sensible of the dry and argumentative manner here imparted to topics which have usually been viewed and treated as susceptible of the highest embellishment. He can only hope that others may catch a feeling such as gained on himself at every step, which, in the disentanglement of facts, rejects impatiently, rather than solicits, whatever does not conduce directly to the result. The mind seems to demand, with sternness, that this labour shall first be gone through; as the eye requires a solid foundation and an assured elevation, before it can rest with complacency on the decorative acanthus." But the author might have advocated the truth, and discharged the grave duties of the historian as effectively, without raising his voice so often to the shrill tones of captious criticism, and without all that formal special-pleading, which, as it "does not conduce directly to the result," must necessarily fatigue the reader.

In the memoir before us, it is satisfactorily shown, that Sebastian Cabot, or Gabotto, was born at Bristol; but, having been taken to Venice by his father while very young, doubts subsequently arose as to the place of his birth. A patent, bearing date the 5th of March, in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry VII. (1496), authorizes John Cabot and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, or their heirs, deputies, &c., "to sail to all parts, countries, and seas of the east, west, and north, to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." Thus encouraged by royal favour, our adventurers set forward on their expedition. An ancient Bristol MS. preserves the name of the vessel which had the proud distinction of having first touched the shores of the American continent. "In the year 1497, the 24th June, on St. John's day, was Newfoundland found by Bristol men, in a ship called the *Mattheus*." There is reason to believe that the Cabots returned home as soon as they had made this discovery; for in a MS. account of the privy-purse expenses of Henry VII. preserved in the British Museum, is the following entry: "10th August, 1497, To hym that found the New Isle, 10*l*."

The confused accounts which remain to us of Cabot's various voyages, render it ex-

trely difficult to state the circumstances of any particular expedition. But the author of the Memoir deems it necessary to prove, that his hero first reached the shores of Labrador, and not of Newfoundland; for his voyages southwards to Florida, and northwards to the Arctic circle, evidently belong to a later period; and his glory requires that he should touch the continent before Columbus. Our author likewise endeavours to secure to Sebastian Cabot, as an Englishman, the sole honour of the discovery. He endeavours to prove that John Cabot, the father, was only a merchant, and not a seaman. But is it likely that a patent, authorizing a voyage of discovery, should have been solicited and obtained, in that age, and from a cautious prince, by a person not qualified by experience for the undertaking? Or are we to believe, that an expedition of so much importance, intended to rival that of Columbus, was intrusted to the command of a raw youth, as Sebastian Cabot must have been at that time? Besides, in a second patent, dated 3rd February 1498, and printed in this volume for the first time, King Henry VII., grants to his "well-beloved John Kabotto, Venecian, authority to fit out six ships," and "to convey and lede them to the Londe and Isles of late founde by the said John in oure name, and by our commaundmente." All our author's logical dexterity (and he has not a little,) is vainly exerted to elude the conclusion forced upon him by this document, now first brought to light by his meritorious researches, and which he is consequently not disposed to undervalue. "Surely, (he says,) the importance of this document cannot be exaggerated. It establishes, conclusively and for ever, that the American continent was first discovered by an expedition commissioned to set up the banner of England."

The voyage undertaken in consequence of this second patent, is supposed to have had colonization for its object, and to have terminated unfortunately, the settlers nearly all perishing from the cold and the diseases brought on by the rigour of the climate. Sebastian Cabot is next traced (as it appears to us, by a very dubious light,) to the shores of Maracaibo, where the Spanish adventurer, Hojeda, is said to have found certain Englishmen, in his first voyage in 1499. We will give our author's train of reasoning in his own words:—

"The mere fact that Cabot is known not to have entered a foreign service until long after this period, would suffice to satisfy us, that he was the only man who could have been the leader of such an enterprise from England; particularly as we find that, when, two years afterwards, an expedition was projected, three Portuguese were called in and placed at its head;—when we remember that Cabot, the year before, was stopped by the failure of provisions, while proceeding southward, he might naturally be expected to resume his progress along the coast on the first occasion, and he would thus be conducted to the spot where Hojeda found him."

Here our author seems quietly to assume, that Cabot, in one year, made the circuit of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea, following the whole extent of their winding and intricate coasts, from lat. 38°, the supposed termination of his former voyage.

Cabot's expedition to the La Plata, in 1526, in the service of Spain, is among the most remarkable incidents of his life:—

"In a memoir prepared by the court of Spain, to resist the pretensions of Portugal in this quarter, it is made the leading argument, after an enumeration of a vast number of tribes, that Sebastian Cabot erected forts in the country, administered justice there in civil and criminal cases, and reduced all those nations under the obedience of the Emperor. It is impossible not to be struck by the reflection which this passage suggests, as to what may be almost termed the ubiquity of this adventurous and indefatigable seaman in the New World. While England has rested her claim at one extremity of it, and Spain at the other, on the personal agency of the same native of Bristol, we have an assurance that he was found at the intermediate point, with a party of Englishmen, on the first visit of the individual whose name now overspreads the whole."

(Amerigo Vespucci accompanied Hojeda in the voyage above referred to.)

In 1548 Sebastian Cabot returned to England, and settled in Bristol, having spent thirty years in the service of Spain. He was soon honoured with the especial favour of the young King Edward VI., who had recently ascended the throne. He received a pension of 250 marks; and as Governor of the Company of Merchants Adventurers, soon after incorporated, he continued to exert, for some years, a powerful influence on maritime enterprise in England. In May 1557, Cabot's pension was renewed to him by the successors of Edward VI., but in a less liberal form, as he held it no longer exclusively, but jointly with one William Worthington. "Sixty-one years had now elapsed since the date of the first commission from Henry VII. to Sebastian Cabot, and the powers of nature must have been absolutely wearied out. We lose sight of him after the late mortifying incident; but the faithful and kind-hearted Richard Eden beckons us, with something of awe, to see him die. That excellent person attended him in his last moments, and furnishes a striking proof of the strength of the ruling passion. Cabot spoke lightly 'on his death-bed,' about a divine revelation to him of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal. His pious friend grieves that 'the good old man,' as he affectionately calls him, had not yet, 'even in the article of death, shaken off all worldly vaine glorie.'" The date of his death is not known, nor the place where his remains were deposited.

In conclusion, we must again declare that we feel disposed to give unqualified praise to the industry, research, and acuteness, which characterize this volume; and that we lament the zeal of criticism which has so often hurried the author into sourness, sophistry, and contradiction. Thus he says, "In a recent volume, ('History of Maritime and Inland Discovery,' Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. II. p. 35,) the assertion is made, that Hojeda met with English navigators near the Gulph of Maracaibo; and a sufficient authority is supposed to be found for it in the language of Navarrete." He then endeavours to prove that the author of the History mistranslated the Spanish, which does not warrant such a conclusion. Yet he himself, in another place, (p. 92,) thus translates the contested passage: "What is certain is, that Hojeda, in his first voyage, found certain Englishmen in the neighbourhood of Caquibacoa"; and he resolutely assumes, that Cabot was the leader

of those Englishmen;—nor is this the only instance which the volume affords of captiousness and inconsistency. As to the "malignity" with which "the fair fame of Cabot has been obscured by English writers," let it be remembered that the old mariner spent a long life in the sunshine of court favour—that he survived his discovery of America, at least sixty-one years—and that, under these circumstances, it is impossible to exonerate him from the reproach attaching to the obscurity that hangs over his achievements.

The Staff Officer; or, the Soldier of Fortune: a Tale of Real Life. By Oliver Moore. 3 vols. London, 1831. Cochrane & Pickersgill.

THE 'Staff Officer' is professedly a piece of autobiography, and, we have no doubt, the truth is not very wide of the profession. We are not influenced in our judgment by the names introduced into the narrative, but by the narrative itself—the disproportion that some incidents bear to their real value, natural enough when writing from past feeling.

The Staff Officer is but an indifferent field-officer; and, in manœuvring his regiment, contrives that the awkward squad shall change places with the grenadiers, and march in front of the regiment before the inspecting officer; or, in our own professional language, the worst part of his work comes first. Mr. Oliver Moore, as the writer is pleased to sign himself, is the son of an Irish gentleman; his early life occupies the first hundred pages, which, like the first hundred pages of most autobiographies, is exceedingly dull; indeed, but for the skill and discrimination shown in sketching character—dull enough to have alarmed us for the whole work: his school days, and his service in the navy, are wearisome; and the notice of the Vice Regal Court, which follows, is mere make-weight. From this time the work improves; Mr. Oliver Moore gets an ensign's commission, and is appointed a recruiting officer; and we are inclined to think the Irish scenes the best—some of them are excellent; and his recruiting party is sketched in with inimitable truth, and the incidents that very naturally arise, are told with effect.

There is little story in the work, although the interest rarely flags: it is a succession of clever scenes connected together by personal narrative; as a novel, it may be said to begin and end half a dozen times. The hero, as becomes an Irish gentleman and a recruiting officer, is always in love—with a married lady, a single one, and a widow, Mrs. Tom, Maria, and his landlady, at the same time—and he has the extraordinary power of making his readers in love with the same parties. He is certainly a skilful and a flattering painter, and there is hardly a woman introduced in his volume, that is not delightful; we thought he had done his best with the three before mentioned, but little Anna, the tinker's wife, and old Fleming's daughter, are equally natural. We are not a little puzzled to know what extracts will best do him justice. The fetching of a deserter from the bogs, as it is a genuine local picture, we were half inclined to venture on, but it is too long; the description of the bog and the peat-cutters must, however, be had, as they are interesting to the English reader.

"The little girl had suddenly disappeared by some back-door; and fearing a surprise, I posted one man at each corner of the house, and set off, accompanied by old Robin and the dog Cromwell, into the great cut which led into the very heart of the 'big-red-bog.' It was like descending into the ruins of an immersed city. Nothing was to be seen but the bright blue sky over our heads, between two high and apparently interminable walls of fibrous, dark, spongy soil.

"At every hundred or two yards, however, similar avenues, resembling desolate streets, were cut to the right and left, which had the same endless vista; and they were in like manner intersected. At one of these turnings, Mr. Fagan, preceded by the bare-legged little girl, suddenly started out, making for home with hurried pace; in the distance behind him were to be seen the heads of several scores of turf-cutters, popping up and down, as they threw from their sharp and hollowed spades on the impending bank the produce of their latest cut. These spades are in themselves deadly weapons. Not doubting but that the little girl had explained how matters stood at home, and that the word had been passed on the bog to keep the 'boys' on the alert, I advanced towards Mr. Fagan, and received his salute with a smile of good-humour, as did Mr. O'Farrell with a shake of the hand. There was the gloomy restlessness of offended pride in the visage of this vulgarian which could not be mistaken; so to cut conversation short, I pulled out his note, in which he pledged himself to bring old Fleming to me; and at the same time my watch, saying, 'If Mrs. Fagan's life is of value to you, fifteen minutes only are left to save it! You may order your turf-cutters to sacrifice us: but ere we fall, your wife will be a corpse, and your house in flames! I knew my danger in coming into your lawless bog; but we shall not fall unrevenged: therefore come to your house, surrender Fleming, and we will instantly depart without mischief or insult to any one.' He was going to whistle with his finger in his mouth, but I stopped him by saying, 'Here's your little girl—she can take your message to your sons, as it was for them, I presume, your signal was intended.' 'Sir,' said the now affrighted man, 'we mean you no harm—you take this too seriously; you know not how you wrong me: not a soul knew of your intended coming, or Fleming should have been here to the fore.' He ordered the girl in the Irish language (which Robin perfectly well understood) to tell his sons for the 'life of them' not to let one man stir from the bog except old Fleming, and to send him instantly to the house, to which we hurried, and relieved the terrors of the almost petrified Mrs. Fagan by withdrawing the soldiers.

"That done, and being unwilling to prolong a parley on such ticklish ground, we formed the military in front; when I politely insisted on the pleasure of Mr. Fagan's company for a mile or two of the road, in which time old Fleming might overtake us." i. 231—241.

As a specimen of the writer's skill in sketching character, we give Sergeant Macnab:—

"Although a regular crimp, he was not altogether a bad fellow. He found a salve for all compunctious visitations of conscience in the reflection that what he did was for the good of his Majesty's service, and that the end sanctified the means. He would have robbed the infant child of its last parent, or the helpless widow of her only son and support, by any stratagem, so that he could add one recruit to the royal ranks. He was unprincipled from habit, not from choice, and would, I am persuaded, have made a very jovial and honest host of the Lion; but the landlady, who was 'well to do in the world,' was determined to have a 'man for her money;' and it must be confessed that poor Macnab's

person, before he was made up for the parade, exhibited fearful signs of the ravages of an ill-spent youth. His face, however, like a showy lying title-page, pledged itself to more than the volume could redeem: it was round and shining, like the sun on the dial of a tap-room clock. Liquor, good living, and a tight stock, kept it in a regular glow; while the reckless cheerful temper of its owner enriched it with a constant smile. Then he could sing, and tell stories of the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, NAFFER TANDY, GENERAL ELLIOT, JULIUS CÆSAR, and the DUKE OF YORK; with all of whom he swore he had served, and would long since have been made a captain by the Duke; but His Royal Highness said,—'Macnab, my boy,' says he, 'I would have given you a captaincy at the siege of Valenceeny, but if I did, d—me but I should have lost the best sergeant in my army!—' 'Well said, sergeant,' cried Husho. 'Blow me from the muzzle of a twenty pounder if it's not fact,' vociferated the sergeant. But neither song, nor story, nor swagger, could find due favour in the eyes or breast of the widow; and poor Sergeant Macnab abandoned the siege in despair." ii. 86—88.

And we must have Tol lol Penny—doing the writer the justice to say, that the little dash of vulgarity is merely characteristic of the purser, and not of the work.

"Towards midnight, as the company began to drop off, I found myself seated almost alone in my corner, where I was in a manner fastened on by a rough-spun kind of character in a rather shabby coat with a purser's button, whose peculiar mode of speech had rendered him an object of my particular observation during the last hour. He knew everybody, and everybody seemed to know him. He had acquired the habit of adding 'TOL LOL' to almost every sentence; but it was not so much the absurd words themselves that excited attention, as the very impressive and varied tone in which he uttered them, which gave them so much force. He had a TOL LOL of glee, another of surprise, another of sorrow; but his TOL LOL of anger was really terrific. This man's name was PENNY, a purser in the navy, known at every port in England by the cognomen of 'Tol lol Penny.' This curious character took post directly opposite to me, in the box in which I was taking my negus and a bit of bread and cheese; and without further introduction than having been in the same room together for nearly two hours, entered into familiar conversation with me, commencing with—

"No intrusion, I hope, tol lol?"

"None in the least, Sir. I regret that I have nothing before me to offer you to partake of; but if you will allow me to—"

"No! no! my young gentleman," interrupted the purser, 'swig your own tippie; and poor stuff it is, I guess, tol lol! Let every man crack nuts out of his own bag! Here, waiter, bring me a glass of grog; and, d'ye hear, let it be double shot, tol lol!'

"On the arrival of his grog, 'My service to you, Sir,' said he, and gulped down half the magnum at a draught.

"I returned the compliment by drinking his good health in my bottom of negus, and called for another for the honour of the cloth. On asking him to eat a crust of bread and cheese—

"What! cheese?" said he; 'cheese to a purser! Why you might as well offer physic to a doctor!—tol lol! But dam'me! with submission, I will have a some/at with you in the grubbing way too, for I like the cut of your mug, though it is a little coxcomical or so. Don't be angry!—tol lol!—And then your handkerchief, bleached as white as the royal of a homeward-bound Indianman, smells like Sidney Yorke's of a frosty morning. * * * Waiter! walk a kidney three times before the fire, and bring it me with a

shallot as hot as the first broadside; and, d'ye hear, put a bit of butter not bigger than a bee's knee on bilge of it; mind that!—tol lol! Your general, young 'un, is an out-and-out good 'un, they say; but dam'me! he has been hardly hit. That's his look out—tol lol!'

"How?" said I, (with my curiosity strongly excited,) 'I know nothing of his affairs!'

"Bam!" said the purser, with an incredulous smile. 'Tell that to the marines! tol lol!'

"Upon my honour, Sir," I replied, 'I really know nothing whatever of my general's affairs, nor ever saw him before this morning. His character as a brave officer is sufficiently established; and of that alone I can speak.'

"Well, then, I can tell you," (eagerly interrupted the purser,) 'that a finer or more generous-hearted fellow never breathed. But he has a wife—worse luck for him!—tol lol!'

"And what of her?" I anxiously inquired.

"Oh! nothing very uncommon now-a-days! only that they were not of the same—"

"KIDNEY, Sir!" said the waiter, as he laid the smoking relish before the purser, three revolutions of whose jaws served to demolish it." ii. 299—302.

We cannot doubt that these portraits are all from nature: there is nothing of the ideal about them; and with one more we must close our extracts:—

"The third person whom I shall *en passant* notice was the once noted Captain S—G—, a man whose misfortunes and degradation could excite neither pity nor regret; his character not boasting of one redeeming quality. With the advantages of good family, moderate fortune, high connexion, (for he was married to the niece of an Irish privy councillor,) he was so formed by nature for acts of meanness, that they were utterly thrown away on such a worthless object. * * *

"Held in abhorrence, and avoided by his brother officers, cast off by his family and friends, this lost, abandoned man arrived in England an outcast from society, with the remnant of the regiment; but fortune once more threw the means of salvation in his way. A considerable sum of money was offered by the son of a nobleman, who had lately obtained by favor the step of captain in a West India regiment, for an exchange of commissions; the tempting offer was accepted by G—; and after a month's debauch the captain was once more afloat for the West Indies.

"His habits of intemperance still clinging to him, he soon fell into fresh and overwhelming disgrace. After a confinement of nearly six months, (arising from the want of a convenient opportunity for assembling a general court-martial,) this wretched man was at last placed on his trial.

"A humane attempt was made to prove him insane, but his hour for impunity in crime had passed away. He was understood to have been sentenced to a disgraceful dismissal from His Majesty's service; but between the period of the finding of the court and its approval by the commander-in-chief, G—, (who had been allowed the range of the garrison-town,) silently proceeded in the night to the bank of a river which emptied itself into the ocean, and there very coolly divested himself of his regimental jacket and hat, placing a stone upon them for security. In the crown of the hat he deposited a paper, on which was written the following sentence: 'FELO-DE-SE!—FROM GRIEF AND SHAME.'

"(Signed) S—G—."

Then gliding into the stream, he swam to the opposite bank, and making his way to the careenage, immediately entered as a common sailor on board one of the homeward-bound sugar ships, which was to sail at daylight. Giving

himself out as a *run* man-of-war's man, he readily bargained for thirty guineas for the voyage home; and having in his better days kept a pleasure-yacht, he was what might be termed a tolerably fair seaman.

"His jacket, hat, and the paper alluded to, were found next morning and brought to headquarters; and his death was publicly announced in orders. The vacancy in his regiment was immediately filled up; the sentence of the court-martial humanely suppressed; and the unfortunate wife, in due course of time, applied for and received the pension of captain's widow!"

"Some few years after these events, Major Sir John T—H—n, on descending the steps of the Stratford Club-house in Oxford Street, towards the close of a winter's day, was accosted by a debauched-looking ruffian in rags, in whose bloated visage he fancied he could trace some likeness to a face formerly known to him; and his astonishment was equal to his horror when the long-supposed suicide revealed himself to the baronet as his old acquaintance S—G— of the —th. After receiving a sum of money from his former associate, he unblushingly disclosed to him the whole of his manoeuvre, by which he evaded the sentence of the court-martial, and escaped from the West Indies!"

"And what line of life do you *now* pursue?" asked the grieved and amazed baronet. "How do you exist?"

"Exist!" replied the vagabond; "why, I live on my widow's pension!" iii. 141—46.

Now, we are prepared to admit that our extracts do not do justice to the Work: the writer's power is in discriminating *female* character; but as he judiciously makes it develop itself by incident, to illustrate this, would require scenes and pages to be transferred to our columns. As a whole, this novel will be read with interest: it is light and pleasant; with many very natural scenes, many excellent and well-drawn characters, and without one line or word of affectation or pretence.

Paris and its Historical Scenes. Vol. I. London, 1831. Knight.

THIS book is a series of clever historical scenes, connected with descriptions of the remarkable buildings and localities of the French capital, where they took place. Historical sketches generally are more interesting than instructive. Unless the reader has a previous and a sound knowledge of history, they destroy all true proportion, and create confusion in his mind; but the general outline of French history is sufficiently known, and we think this work will prove equally entertaining and useful.

It opens with a clear and interesting account of the history and progressive increase of Paris. We see that capital, growing by slow degrees to its present size and magnificence, from a small town, with mud cabins and straw roofs, as described by Caesar. A general view of the present city follows, beginning with a comparison between it and London; and then a brief, but very clear, sketch of its topography, as well as of the remarkable features of each of its great divisions.

After this general description, the author goes more into detail—notices all places specially deserving attention, and gives a vivid sketch of all the remarkable events associated with them. These historical sketches are often interesting; and the narrative of facts is sometimes relieved by very sensible observations on the customs, opinions, and political

state of France at the different periods referred to: in this way the causes of the revolution of 1789 are treated of, and soberly and well; and the notice of the indignities offered to Louis XVI., the massacres of the 10th of August, and the murder of the unfortunate deputy, Ferraud, are particularly well written.

From the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which follows the description of the Louvre, we shall give, as a short illustrative specimen, the character of the celebrated Catherine of Medicis.

"The spirit of ambition has rarely possessed any bosom more completely than it did that of this remarkable woman. Unrestrained either by religion or humanity—despising alike the law of God and the opinion of man—she was well fitted to move forward in the pursuit of her purposes with the reckless and unshrinking audacity which their nature demanded, and to brook neither obstacle nor competitor in her path. If she had one weak point of character, and was even more than the generality of her contemporaries the slave of the popular superstitions of her age, her deference to the imaginary intimations of the stars was in no degree calculated to withhold her from any really wicked course, although it might sometimes make her fly from dangers of its own creation. Indeed, in thus scaring her with merely visionary terrors, it was likely only to plunge her deeper into crime than she might otherwise have fallen. Of crimes of a certain character there is no other of the passions which is so fruitful a mother as Fear. Catherine too, if not endowed in any surpassing degree with general talent, was an Italian not more in blood and lineage than in the subtlety and wiliness which have been supposed, in modern times, to characterize her countrymen; and, young as she was, only fourteen, when she left her native land, she seems to have brought away with her from her earliest instructors no small share of that art of intrigue and skill in political stratagem, for which the minor courts of Italy had long been famous." 188-9.

After relating the murder of Coligny, and the massacre of the Protestants who composed the retinue of Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, the author proceeds as follows:—

"As soon as the events we have related, which did not occupy much time, had taken place at the residence of the Admiral and at the Louvre, the alarm-bell sounded from the Palace of Justice. This was the signal for all the subordinate agents of the conspiracy in the different parts of the town to commence their operations. Tavannes and several of his associates immediately appeared on horseback in the streets; and, riding about in all directions, called out to the people to kill the Hugonots, telling them that such was the command of the King, who desired that not a single heretic should be suffered to escape.† From this moment the slaughter was universal and indiscriminate. Inflamed with the wildest fury of religious hatred, to which, in many cases, fear, revenge, and other malignant passions added double force (for many doubtless believed that in thus imbruing their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens, they were only destroying those who would otherwise have massacred them), the multitude set no bounds to their ferocity and cruelty. Persons of both sexes and of all ages equally fell victims to their unquenching rage. Every house supposed to be tenanted by persons of the obnoxious religion

† "† Bleed! bleed!" Tavannes is said to have cried, according to some authorities, 'bleeding is as good in the month of August as in the month of May.'—See Voltaire, *Henriade*; Paris, 1770, tom. i. p. 46."

was broken into. The inmates sometimes attempted to fly or to hide themselves, but rarely offered any resistance. It was all headlong fury on the one side, and astonishment and consternation on the other. Nor were all those who perished, Protestants. Many took advantage of the confusion of this popular tempest to satiate their private and personal enmities, and to wreak on a brother of the same faith the hoarded hatred of years. All the worst passions of the human heart were let loose; but their one wild cry was Blood! Blood! On that terrible sabbath blood reeked from the principal streets of Paris as from a field of battle. The bodies of the slaughtered, we are told by a contemporary chronicler, of men, of women, of children, and of infants, were heaped together into carts, and so carried down and shot into the river, in which they might be seen everywhere floating and tumbling, while its waters were turned to red by the blood that flowed from them. The general description which De Thou gives us of the horrors of the scene is, especially in his own eloquent Latin, exceedingly striking. 'The people,' he says, 'incited against their fellow-countrymen by the captains and lieutenants of the city guard, who were flying about in all directions, rioted in the frenzy of a boundless license; and all things wore an aspect of woe and affright. The streets resounded with the uproar of the crowds rushing on to slaughter and plunder, while ever and anon the lamenting cries of persons dying or in peril met the ear, or the carcasses of those who had been murdered were seen tossed forth from the windows of their dwellings. The courts, and even the inner apartments, of many houses were filled with the slain; dead bodies were rolled or dragged along the highways; the bloody puddle overflowed the kennels, and ran down at different places in streams to the river; an innumerable multitude perished, not only of men, but likewise of pregnant women and children. . . .

"But we cannot afford space for any more of these horrid relations. Of the persons massacred 'the greater number,' says the writer of the *Memoirs*, 'were killed by powerful stabs with daggers and poniards. Those were treated with the least cruelty. For the others were tortured in all the parts of their bodies, mutilated of their limbs, mocked and outraged by taunts still sharper than the points of the swords by which they were pierced.' Several old men, he goes on to state, being seized and brought down to the river, were first knocked on the head against the stones of the quay, and then thrown half dead into the water. In one of the streets a number of boys of nine or ten years of age were seen dragging about an infant yet in swaddling-clothes by a rope tied round its neck. Another little child, on being laid hold of, began to laugh and to play with the beard of the stranger in whose arms it found itself; but the man, untouched by its simple innocence, thrust his dagger into its bosom, and then tossed it from him into the river. 'The paper would weep,' concludes our author, 'if I were to recite the horrible blasphemies which were uttered by these monsters and incarnate devils during the fury of so many slaughters. The uproar, the continual sound of arquebuses and pistols, the lamentable and affrighting cries of those in agony, the vociferations of the murderers, the dead bodies thrown from the windows, or dragged through the mire with strange howlings and hissings, the smashing of doors and windows, the stones which were thrown against them, and the pillaging of more than six hundred houses—all this, long continued, could only present to the eyes of the reader a perpetual image of extreme misery in all its forms.' 218—226.

The account of the *Place Louis Quinze*, and the horrible scenes which took place there, is one of the best in the book.

The thirteenth and fourteenth chapters contain an account of the sieges of Paris, from the times of the Norman pirates up to 1814. Here is introduced a short account of the famous days of the barricades in the time of the League and the Fronde.

The 15th and last chapter, contains a history of the National Guard of Paris, from its formation to its dissolution by Charles X.

Upon the whole, we think this a very entertaining book. The history of Paris is almost the history of the French nation; and to those persons who have visited, or intend to visit that capital, it cannot fail to be most acceptable.

Rustum Khan, or Fourteen Nights Entertainment at the Shah Bhagor Royal Gardens at Ahmedabad. By Thomas Henry Ottley, Lieut. H.C.S. London, 1831. Sams.

We have only had time to take a hasty glance at these volumes, of which we shall give a more detailed account next week. From this cursory view, we are led to think favourably of the subject which the author has chosen; it is not a common one; and his merit, as far as we can now judge, seems to lie chiefly in the fidelity with which he depicts the habits and manners of the plebeian Indians; but we have not gone far enough into the work to give a decided opinion. We have, however, read the preface through, and must say, that had we taken up Rustum Khan to read for amusement, we should have been repelled by the preface from proceeding. We would seriously advise Mr. Ottley to withdraw it from the part of the impression which is yet unsold, in order that twenty-six pages of flippant absurdity may not be circulated to the prejudice of what we hope to find at least a respectable work.

Bennet and Tyerman's Travels.

THE following is the dangerous adventure among the New Zealanders,† which we referred to in our last notice of this work, but for which we could not then find room:—

"This morning our little vessel was surrounded with canoes, containing several hundreds of the natives of both sexes, who presently climbed up, and crowded it so much that we were obliged to put up a bar across the quarter-deck, and *tabu* it from intrusion. The commerce in various articles, on both sides, went on pretty well for some time, till one provoking circumstance after another occurred, which had nearly led to the seizure of the ship and the loss of our lives. In the confusion, occasioned by the great throng within so narrow a space, the natives began to exercise their pilfering tricks, opportunities for which are seldom permitted to slip away unimproved. Suddenly the cook cried out, 'They have stolen this thing,' but scarcely had he named the thing (some kitchen article), when he called out again, 'They have stolen the beef out of the pot!' and then a third time, 'They have stolen my cooking-pans!' Presently another voice bawled out from the fore-castle, 'Captain! they have broken open your trunk, and carried away your clothes.' Up to this time we had been in friendly intercourse with the chiefs, rubbing noses, and purchasing their personal ornaments and other curiosities, suspecting no mischief. But now, in the course of a few moments, without our perceiving the

immediate reason, the whole scene was changed. We found afterwards, that the captain (Dibbs), on hearing of the audacious thefts above mentioned, had become angry, and while he was endeavouring, rather boisterously, to clear the deck of some of the intruders, one of them, a chief, on being jostled by him, fell over the ship's side into the sea, between his own canoe and the vessel. This was seized instantaneously as the pretext for commencing hostilities. The women and children, in the course of a few seconds, had all disappeared, leaping overboard into their canoes, and taking with them the kakaous, or mantles of the warriors. The latter, thus stripped for action, remained on deck, of which, before we were aware, they had taken complete possession, and forthwith made us their prisoners. Tremendous were the howlings and screechings of the barbarians—while they stamped, and brandished their weapons, consisting principally of clubs and spears. One chief, with his cookies (his slaves), had surrounded the captain, holding their spears at his breast and sides, on the larboard quarter of the vessel. Mr. Tyerman, under guard of another band, stood on the starboard; and Mr. Bennet on the same side, but aft, towards the stern. Mr. Threlkeld, and his little boy, not seven years old, were near Mr. Bennet, not under direct manual grasp of the savages. The chief, who, with his gang, had been trafficking with Mr. Bennet, now brought his huge tattooed visage near to Mr. B.'s, screaming, in tones the most odious and horrifying, '*Tangata New Zealandi, tangata kakino?*' This he repeated as rapidly as lips, tongue, and throat could utter the words, which mean, 'Man of New Zealand, is he bad man?—Man of New Zealand, a bad man?' Happily, Mr. Bennet understood the question (the New Zealand dialect much resembling the Tahitian), wherefore, though convinced that inevitable death was at hand, he answered, with as much composure as could be assumed, '*Kaore kakino, tangata New Zealandi, tangata kapai*.'—'Not bad; the New Zealander is a good man.' And so often as the other, with indescribable ferocity of aspect, and sharpness of accent, asked the same question (which might be a hundred times) the same answer was returned. 'But,' inquired Mr. Bennet, 'why is all this uproar? Why cannot we still rub noses, and buy and sell, and barter as before?' At this moment a stout slave, belonging to this chief, stepped behind Mr. Bennet, and pinioned both his arms close to his sides. No effort was made to resist or elude the gigantic grasp, Mr. B. knowing that such would only accelerate the threatened destruction. Still, therefore, he maintained his calmness, and asked the chief the price of a neck ornament which the latter wore. Immediately another slave raised a large tree-felling axe (which with others had been brought to be sharpened by the ship's carpenter) over the head of the prisoner. This ruffian looked with demon-like eagerness and impatience towards his master, for the signal to strike. And here it may be observed, that our good countrymen can have no idea of the almost preternatural fury which savages can throw into their distorted countenances, and infuse into their deafening and appalling voices, when they are possessed by the legion-fiend of rage, cupidity, and revenge.

"Mr. Bennet persevered in keeping up conversation with the chief, saying, 'We want to buy buan, kumara, ika, &c., (hogs, potatoes, fish,) of you.' Just then he perceived a youth, stepping on deck, with a large fish in his hand. 'What shall I give for that fish?' 'Why, so many fish-hooks.' 'Well, then, put your hand into my pocket and take them.' The fellow did so. 'Now put the fish down there, on the binnacle, and bring some more, if you have any,' said Mr. Bennet. At once the fish, which he

had just bought, was brought round from behind and presented to him again for sale. He took no notice of the knavery, but demanded, 'What shall I give you for that fish?' 'So many hooks.' 'Take them: have you no other fish to sell?' A third time the same fish was offered, and the same price, in hooks, required and given, or rather taken, by the vender, out of his jacket-pockets, which happened to be well stored with this currency for traffic. A fourth time Mr. B. asked, 'Have you never another fish?' At this the rogues could contain their scorn no longer, but burst into laughter, and cried, 'We are cheating the foreigner (*tangata ke*)' supposing that their customer was not aware how often they had caught him with the same bait. Just then one of the cookies behind, plucked off Mr. Bennet's seal-skin travelling-cap. This did not give him particular alarm; on the contrary, expecting every instant to feel the stroke of the axe, it slightly occurred to him that the blow, falling upon his naked head, would more likely prove effective, and need no repetition; at the same time, in earnest inward prayer, commending his spirit to the mercy of God, in whose presence he doubted not that he should very soon appear; the thought of deliverance having no conscious place in his mind during this extremity. While Mr. Bennet stood thus pinioned, and in jeopardy, the axe gleaming over his head and catching his eye whenever he looked a little askance, he marked, a few yards before him, his friend and companion, Mr. Tyerman, under custody of another chief and his cookies. These wretches were, from time to time, handling his arms, his sides, and his thighs, while, from the paleness of his countenance—though he remained perfectly tranquil—it was evident that he was not unaware of the meaning of such familiarities; namely, that they were judging, with cannibal instinct, how well he would cut up, at the feast which they anticipated, while each, like Milton's Death—

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile,
And blest'd his maw, destin'd to that good hour.

"The captain, hemmed in with spears, continued a close, but evidently a very indignant captive, near the larboard-bow; while Mr. Threlkeld and his son moved backward and forward, a few steps, on Mr. Bennet's left hand. In the course of the scene, the carpenter, who had been in these parts before, and knew the people, came aft, till he got quite close to Mr. Threlkeld, when, looking earnestly towards Mr. Bennet, he said, 'Sir, we shall all be murdered and eaten up in a few minutes.' Mr. Bennet replied, 'Carpenter, I believe that we shall certainly all be in eternity by that time, but we are in the hands of God.' The carpenter then crept out of his view; but Mr. Threlkeld's little boy having heard, with affright, what he had so emphatically predicted, grasped his father's hand, and cried out, sobbing bitterly, 'Father!—father!—when—when they have killed us—will it—will it hurt us when they eat us?' The carpenter had some apprehension of the same kind as the poor child's, and, apparently, felt greater horror of being devoured than of dying; for presently Mr. Bennet,—who kept his eye, as much as possible, turned from the impending axe, lest the sight of it should affect his countenance,—happening to glance aloof, spied the carpenter adroitly the larboard yard-arm, waiting the issue, with a stern determination, which indicated that, come what might, he had chosen his lot. On being asked by Mr. Bennet afterwards, why he had been so foolish as to go aloft, as though there were a better chance there of escaping the expected massacre than below, he frankly answered, 'I knew that I must die; but I was resolved that the savages should not eat me; and as soon as I saw them cut you down with the axe, I would have dropped down into the sea, and only have been

† For the latest information relating to New Zealand, see the extract from a letter from Hobart Town, in No. 189, p. 378, of the *Athenæum*.

drowned, for I had weights about me which would have sunk me at once."

"The whole of this strange occurrence (during which the cannibals never ceased to rage, and threaten a destruction which an invisible and almighty hand stayed them from executing) lasted nearly two hours. At length deliverance came as suddenly as the peril itself had come upon us. Several voices, from different parts of the deck, cried out, 'A boat! a boat!' It sounded like, 'Life! life!' in our ears. Happily, it was our boat returning from the Wesleyan settlement in Wangaroa Bay, with the owner of our little vessel, who had gone thither in it the night before. He brought with him Mr. White, the Methodist Missionary, and George, the principal chief in this part of the island. The natives immediately released us from restraint, and forbore from violence, as soon as they perceived who had come with the boat. When George got on deck, his authority at once cleared it of our enemies, who yielded implicit obedience."

NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

Humphrey Clinker. With a Memoir of the Author by Thos. Roscoe, Esq., and Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London, 1831. Cochran & Pickershill.

Or the 'getting up' of this delightful series of volumes we have before spoken: but the spirit and enterprise of the publishers have now left nothing to be desired, by engaging George Cruikshank to illustrate the work. The artist seems to delight in it as much as we do; and 'Humphrey's introduction to the Bramble family' is one of the very cleverest designs from his unequalled pencil. The scene, too, at Salt Hill is excellent; and Matthew's own description of Humphrey's zeal on the beach at Scarborough is not more laughable than the illustration. The scene at the Bedford is less to our liking—Lismahago is a caricature. A very neat portrait of Smollett is prefixed, and the biographical memoir by Mr. Roscoe is full and satisfactory. We are of opinion, that the public are indebted to a hint thrown out in the *Athenæum*, when noticing the first volume of the Standard Novels, for this publication—we look on it as a sort of protégé of ours—and rejoice that the liberal spirit of the publishers enables us, with a clear conscience, to recommend it in the strongest manner as one of the cheapest and best of the day.

Remarks on the Disease called Hydrophobia, Prophylactic and Curative. By John Murray, F.S.A. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

A Memoir on the Diamond. By John Murray, F.S.A. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

We had prepared rather a long article on the first of these works, immediately on its publication last year, but the annual hydrophobia fever was passed before we had an opportunity of using it. We therefore treasured it up for the close of parliament and the set in of the dog-days in 1831; but the session is likely to stretch on to the cold weather, and the cholera is the fashion this year. We shall, therefore, on the present occasion, limit our observations to the 'Memoir on the Diamond.'

The chemical properties of the diamond, and its combustibility, have long been known; but the manner of its formation, as crystallized carbon,—uniting transparency, extreme hardness, and the highest powers of refraction, with electricity and phosphorescence,—is still matter of doubt and inquiry to the geologist. The most satisfactory, and, perhaps, the most prevalent conjecture of the present day, is that which ascribes to the diamond a vegetable origin. That this notion was entertained by Sir Isaac Newton is not improbable, from an opinion of his quoted by Mr. Murray, (p. 15), that the diamond "is

an unctuous substance conglutated." But whether this precious gem be a vegetable or a mineral production, or whether it combine some of the properties of both,—as, admitting the first hypothesis to be correct, it must generally do when coloured,—the electric and galvanic fluids may certainly be suspected of a very active—nay, of the most powerful agency in the process of its elaboration in the bowels of the earth.

Although Mr. Murray, whose scientific attainments are of a high order, has thrown no new light upon a subject hidden perhaps forever from human research, he conveys much interesting and valuable information in a very condensed form, and in clear and concise language.

The diamond appears to have been known at a remote period of human society, and to have always maintained its supremacy, as the most precious of gems. The ancients attributed to it particular influences and qualities. Mr. Murray informs us, that "it was sometimes considered a talisman, and when under the planet Mars, esteemed favourable. In former times it was supposed to cure insanity, and to be an antidote to poisons; notwithstanding which, Paracelsus was said to have been poisoned by diamond powder: we believe it to be as inert in the one case as it is harmless in the other. . . . According to Pliny, there existed between the diamond and the magnet a natural antipathy. 'There is,' says he, 'such a disagreement between a diamond and a loadstone, that it will not suffer the iron to be attracted; or if the loadstone be put to it and take hold of it, it will pull it away.' It is needless to observe, no such antipathy can now be discovered in the case." p. 12—14.

Among the many peculiarities of the diamond, all our readers are acquainted with its property of cutting glass; but few, perhaps, are aware, "that the natural point only of the diamond will cut, as that obtained by polishing does not cut glass." p. 37.

We shall conclude our brief notice of this well compiled and interesting little volume, with the following extract:—

"Until lately the habitat of the diamond had been confined to localities ranging within the limits of 18° on either side of the equator, in Asia and South America. In Asia the diamond is found most abundantly in the kingdom of Golconda, and Visapour, in Bengal; chiefly in the central and southern parts of India Proper, the Peninsula of Malacca, and the Island of Borneo; and in the Brazils, in the mountainous districts, called Serro Dofrio, and other places.

"In June, 1829, however, two of the Baron Von Humboldt's companions, when exploring the western declivity of the Ural mountains in Asiatic Russia, discovered diamonds. Seven in all, of various sizes, were found on the estates of Count Porlier, about 160 miles to the west of the town of Perm. They were stated to be of the finest water, and of a quality that approached more nearly to the Asiatic than the Brazilian diamond. During last summer (1830) the search was renewed with increased activity, and Professor Engelhardt, of Dorpat, who is now employed in a second visit to those regions, writes to a friend in Germany, that seven other diamonds have been discovered amongst the gold dust, on the same property, and on the same spot where a similar number were found the preceding year. They weighed from three-eighths and two-thirds of a carat to one carat. These are indeed but small, but the quality seems first-rate, and may be the earnest of an eventually rich and brilliant harvest.

"A diamond has also been found in Ireland, in the bed of a brook flowing through the district of Fermanagh. It possesses a red tint, and was brought to a lady resident there, by a

little girl, who said she had picked it up in the bed of the brook: the bearer was rewarded with 6d. by the lady, who had been in the habit of collecting pebbles, &c. from the rivulet. This rough diamond was afterwards submitted by the lady to Mr. Mackay, an eminent jeweller of Dublin, who pronounced it to be a diamond; and not long after, the opinion of the late Mr. Rundell, of Ludgate Hill, was obtained, who valued it as a diamond worth twenty guineas, in its then rough attire. On ascertaining this, the lady issued a notice, desiring to see the girl again, but she never afterwards made her appearance; perhaps fearful to lose the 6d., for it appears that even this remuneration was only granted conditionally. We received our information in person from the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of the royal observatory, at Armagh, a gentleman of high scientific attainments, who had the gem in his possession, and was well qualified to judge." p. 22—31.

The Vocation of our age for Legislation and Jurisprudence. Translated from the German of Frederick Charles Von Savigny, by A. Hayward. London, 1831. [Not for sale.]

We have been favoured with a copy of this excellent discourse, which we are extremely sorry to observe has not been printed for sale. It is an acute and philosophical treatise, from the pen of one of the most able and esteemed modern jurists of Germany, which, though originally written to accomplish a merely temporary purpose,—viz. a return to the old system of national law which had been superseded by the Code Napoleon,—is everywhere distinguished by the soundest general principles of legal knowledge and experience. "Son écrit," says Professor Warnkönig, "a une grande importance historique, et son influence sur la direction de l'étude de la jurisprudence est telle, que le jurisconsulte qui cultive le droit comme science ne peut s'en passer." The work thus highly recommended, which has gone through two considerable editions in Germany, is now, for the first time, translated into a foreign language; and we have to congratulate Mr. Hayward on the felicity and clearness with which he has executed a task that, from the very eccentric peculiarities of his author's style and manner, was rendered a matter of no trifling embarrassment, and ingenuity.

A Synopsis of the Origin and Progress of Architecture; to which is added a Dictionary of General Terms. By W. J. Smith. London, 1831. Valpy.

A work of more merit than it pretends to;—not likely to be serviceable to professional men, nor, indeed, designed for their use—but a well-condensed and simple introduction for the general reader, to a subject on which all ought to be informed.

The Revelation of St. John explained. By Henry William Lovett. London, 1831. Nisbet.

This volume exhibits a laboured specimen of the Irving school of exposition—visionary, fantastic, and too often unintelligible; what is original is furious declamation, noisy invective, and sectarian vehemence.

Mr. Henry William Lovett is clearly one of the elect, and therefore has, of course, a spiritual privilege to condemn—the reprobate.

In reading this exposition of the Revelation of St. John, we were half disposed to think that the author was some political mountebank masquerading it in the wedding garment of special election, and wielding the thunders of the Apocalyptic, in order to neutralize the wide-spreading

"Accident may sometimes reveal rich treasures. The discovery of the original gold mine in one of the districts in the Brazils, was in consequence of opening and scattering an ant-hill of considerable magnitude."

alarm of the cholera. Alas! that one of the elect should be so intemperate!

Mr. Henry William Lovett (p. 155) rises into the following climax of supreme absurdity in favour of the French revolution of 1793:—"That great event I hail with rapturous gratitude to the omnipotent author of all good, as one of the most signal and blessed dispensations wherewith he has been pleased to illustrate his moral government of the world."

And yet, of this revolution, he says, (pp. 186-187,) "In this dreadful state of things—while the guillotine, erected in every considerable town, was at once the executive government and the only saint (its pet-name was *la sainte guillotine*) tolerated in France—and no age, or rank, or sex, or guilt, or innocence, was, for a single hour of the day or night, secure from its stroke—all its movements were impelled under the dictation of Robespierre, by a small number of monsters, absolutely rabid with thirst of human blood, and, by a strange use of language, designated the *committee of public safety*."

We think it quite needless after this to say one word more, except that with all his extravagance Mr. Lovett is a clever man.

No Fiction; a Narrative founded on recent and interesting Facts. By Andrew Reid. London, 1831. Westley & Davis.

WHEN this volume first came into our hands we were half inclined to write an elaborate review of it, and of a whole class of novels of which it might very well serve as the representative; but, on consideration, an eighth edition is beyond the good or ill word of the critic, and we have only to announce it as one of the handsomest volumes that has yet appeared among our cheap and fashionable literature.

The Five Nights of St. Albans. 3 vols. 2nd edit. London, 1831. Sherwood & Co. and W. Kidd.

THE re-appearance of this work seems to contradict the judgment of the critic who pronounced it born out of due season. We are, however, inclined to agree with him, for the wild and supernatural incidents alone, would, in the days of Mrs. Ratcliffe, have carried off half a dozen editions—to say nothing of the power and vigour of the style. To those who delight in strong drink, and have nerves to bear it, we recommend the St. Albans cordial as much above proof.

A Freemason's Pocket Companion, containing a brief sketch of the History of Masonry, &c. By a Brother of the Apollo Lodge. London, H. Washbourne. A.L. 5831. A.D. 1831.

THE early history of Masonry is professedly passed over hastily by our brother of the Apollo Lodge. It is, he admits, "highly probable that symbolical actions" were instituted by our first parents, and "that these might be transmitted to posterity; but it is not my purpose to relate this part of the ancient history of the order"—indeed, we were startled, in the fifth page, to find him abruptly beginning a sentence thus—"I pass on to the Flood." His work, therefore, is hardly so full and comprehensive as we could have wished—but we must do him the justice to admit, that he is sufficiently particular when treating of Masonry among the Egyptians and the Hebrews; the notice of the Dionysiac Masons, and of the earlier masters, Inachus, Cecrops, Cadmus, but especially of Triptolemus, is instructive; and the fact that the names of two ancient lodges, "the lodge of Altaliste, and the lodge of Echinus," are preserved by Strabo, is curious and interesting. We are glad to see that, while he admits the superiority of the heathens over the believers in mere operative masonry, he acknowledges their inferiority in "the true and pure light" of speculative Masonry—and he instances in proof, the three great

offerings, beginning with Isaac on Mount Moriah, commemorated to this day. The history of Freemasonry in Britain is equally learned and elaborate. St. Alban, the first martyr, was, it appears, "grand master," and got "higher wages given" to the fraternity—there seems a little confusion here between "the true and pure light" of the speculative and the operative, of Egyptian and Hebrew masonry. After this, the modern history is comparatively uninteresting—but the list of the 851 lodges, and the public-houses at which they are held, may be useful, and will, no doubt, be valuable hereafter.

Pickering's Emigrant's Guide. New edition. London, 1831. E. Wilson.

HERE is a neat compact little volume for three shillings, and yet we would abridge the work and reduce the price. The fact is, the subject is one of great interest to thousands; and we desire to see the opinions of a practical farmer, himself an emigrant, extensively circulated all over the country. Mr. Pickering removed to Canada in 1824, and here we have the result of his experience, in a plain, straightforward, and honest narrative, that certainly will be read with interest and benefit by all who have any thought of removing either to America or the Canadas.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE FIRST BALL OF THE SEASON.

BY LETTY LOVE.

O dear! the first ball of the season!

Then joy and the winter is nigh;

I'm out of my wits and my reason—

Last night I did nothing but sigh.

I love the gay ball and the dancing,

Where beauty to harmony trips;

Miss Poodle, you know, the entrancing,

Is going with Mr. Caffis.

There's Mr. Kybosh and his daughter,—

The wealthy dry-salters from town,—

He's trying the Cheltenham water;

She walks in a mouse-colour'd gown.

Besides, with her wawny-moor feature,

I know by her nose she's a shrew;

Her cap, like an envious creature,

She cocks at my Captain Canoe.

Cousin George, dear Mamma, takes a ticket—

He'll waltz with his aunt, I suppose,

Who sings with the voice of a cricket,

And dances in spectacled nose!

Cousin Tom, of the army, is partial

To dancing, and sure to attend;

You very well know how the martial

With Harmony's uniforms blend.

Brother Bob shall be sent for from College,

To join in Terpsichore's freak,

With head full of all sorts of knowledge,

And face that looks Latin and Greek.

All the world will be there, so the tale is,

And all your gay friends you shall see;

Mrs. Stubbs, Mr. Snooks, Mr. Bayliss,

And Smiths, "just a thousand and three."

Then think of the juvenile friskers,

And "certain-aged" ladies all starch;

With half the room caught with C—'s whiskers,

The other by Skinner's moustache.

And I shall appear in white satin,

And shine in a girle of gold;

Or feathers and delicate hat in,

And fire all the eyes that behold.

Yes, Envy shall ruffle her bosom,

And Jealousy stifle her tears;

And men that have hearts sure will lose 'em,

When your little LETTY appears.

So think, my poor heart, what it suffers,

Mama!—to the ball I must go!

I'll stab myself else—with the snuffers—

And so put an end to my woe.

L. L.

HUMOUR IN POETRY AND THE FINE ARTS.

AN article on Humour ought to be a very humorous article;—but we are forced to be critical, and like Pulci, Bojardo, and other Italian poets, can only show the gaiety of our heart when a pause in the gravity of our story allows us. As we love laughter ourselves, so we rejoice at it in others: nothing pleases us more than the twinkling eye and agitated mouth of a humorist, when listening to, or telling some tale of gravity, love, or even tenderness. One may see *éclats de rire* half concealed by the compressed lip;—not that he is destitute of feeling—far from it, as the most humorous are often the most pathetic writers; but the god within him, by which he is possessed, is seeking to manifest himself, and would throw the charm of his divinity even over the objects of human distress and pity.

But our business is with the origin of this sentiment. We fancy we can trace it in frequent combination with the loftiest and best feelings of our nature;—not, indeed, as expressed in gaiety and assumed gravity, but as a sentiment, softening, reconciling, and full of hope. An old English writer has described humour as the sick mind's garden. It is the imperfection of our nature that our flight is always measured by our fall; we are constantly describing circles like the planets, which, in relation to their system, are like birds held by a string in a boy's hand. Our mind takes its flight only to the starting point—

Ev'n on the barriers of the world untired,
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half receding, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal.

It is painful to reflect on the sickening and despair of poets and enthusiasts, who leave the contemplation of "the ruined seat, the shady bower," for a strife against their nature; who aim in this life at what eternity can only give them; who stand on the highest pinnacle of human thought, disgusted with all below, and threatened above by the ocean of infinity. Hear the lament of one of the most imaginative:

There never lived a man
Who bent his thoughts beyond their nat'ral sphere,
But starved and died.

This struggle of enthusiasm is like the warring of Paul against the Christians; and though divine intelligence does not speak audibly to such minds, yet the murmuring brook, the green vale, and the distant hills lit by evening splendour, ought to bring to them images of their hopes and feelings of contentment. This enthusiasm, or, as some would call it, weakness, though the mark of some poets of great imagination, is yet by no means the characteristic of the highest poetical excellence. Milton and Spenser are calm in their hopes, and turn with a look of enjoyment to the varied beauties of the material world. Our own living (and long may he live!) Wordsworth, though he complains, yet his cup of consolation is brimming over; he recollects that

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

We suppose our readers are beginning to ask, what this has to do with humour. It shall be told. We consider humour to be one of the elements of genius: Goethe made the same remark. The extent of this element depends both on innate power and outward circumstance; either on the peculiar genius of the artist or poet, or the particular stage of progress of the art, and the customs and feelings of his country.

Though one of the most cherished sentiments of our nature, yet in the highest works of art—

in the epos and the tragic drama—its tone must be subdued and chastened. In the epic poem, it is felt as an under-current of feeling—a certain *bonhomie* in the narrator, imparting a *gusto* to the tale; or appears in delicate shades of character, giving a mellowed dramatic outline to the personages of the narration. In tragedy, humour is occasionally allowed to throw off the mask, and revel through a whole scene; but this licence accords better with the English drama than the Grecian, which is too ideal and elevated to allow so undisguised an expression of human interest. Though the Greeks, wanting the aspirations which Christianity has given to mankind, sought within themselves for their happiness; yet the belief in destiny, or fate, was a foundation on which to build a tragic drama sufficiently awful and imposing to elevate the soul to a contemplation of ideal perfection. Humour was out of place here; it would have destroyed rather than ennobled; its influence could only be felt as softening the severity of the action. But in the Grecian comedy was seen the other extreme: it might be impersonated by the image of a drunken bacchanal. Its grotesque mantle was thrown over gods, heroes, and men, even to the violence of sentiment; for humour has an idealism of its own; it may move as freely to the sound of the tabor as the clash of the cymbals. The truth of this will be felt by an examination of many of the classic groups of nymphs and satyrs of antiquity, and some of Anacreon's poems, who has acquired a bad name from the zeal of his friends, if his imitators may be so called. Pousin has shown much humour in a picture now in the National Gallery: a nymph half breaks off from a dance with other nymphs and satyrs, to squeeze the juice from a handful of grapes into the open mouth of a ruddy infant Bacchus below; while the irregular bloom of her own cheek—not to be mistaken for the exhilarating effects of the dance—intimate her having previously assured herself of the wholesomeness of the liquid.

The English drama, from the Christian principle of free-will, has a greater range than the Grecian idea of destiny would allow. With us, men are moved to anger, joy, and revenge by the impulse of their own passions: they are allured to the practice of virtue by the hope of a joyful immortality. With the Greeks it was different. They were deterred or persuaded to this or that action in their drama by the gods—and in real life, by oracles and the belief of destiny. Free-will, our almost innate faith, has, in place of our being imitators of the Greeks, been the occasion of the construction of a drama of more varied beauty. The poet, who generally takes some tradition for his plot, having assigned certain characters to his *dramatis personæ*, follows, or narrates, as it were, what would be the offspring of the conflicts between such persons interested by such events, and opposed by such obstacles, as appear in the action of the play. And this is the high privilege of imagination,—prophetic, and forecasting events.

In our epic—alas! how few models we have,—humour is a congenial sentiment, though it certainly would puzzle many a critic to discover any traces of it in Milton's grand poem. Indeed, it would have destroyed the sublimity of the scenes, if humour, as shown in gaiety, open or concealed by a mask of gravity, could be recognized. But yet, if our theory or paradox excite any attention, we will be bound, on a future occasion, to support it by illustrations from this very poem. Want of time to refer, (the printer would say *space*), and our bad memory, prevent our doing present justice to our notions. From Spenser we could quote many instances where it is felt in perfect propriety with the importance of the action.

We think that to a want of this bland influence may be traced the melancholy enthusiasm

and despair of many noble minds. When high poetic feeling is joined with a deep-searching philosophic spirit, it requires much temperate wisdom and cheerfulness of mind to balance the "tenement of clay" against the fiery, fretting soul; and the mind's wisdom would prescribe for itself the medicine of

The purring brook which echoes to our sighs; and it would then require but the distant sound of rustic merriment, or, may be, the accidental crossing of the path of some Beauty, *more or less*;—and, in another instant, the heart would be warmed by the beams of content and humour.

J. H. M.

ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.

A short time since, we mentioned that a proprietary and subscription school was about to be established, for the education of the sons of naval and marine officers. The original intention of the projectors has been superseded by the splendid liberality of Dr. Bell. The following letter addressed to the Chairman of the Committee was lately received from him:

"Lindsay Cottage, Cheltenham,
20th June, 1831.

"Sir,—I have deposited in the hands of Provost Haig, Principal Haldane, Dr. Buist, and Professor Alexander, of St. Andrew's, in trust, the sum of 120,000*l.* three per cent. bank annuities, one-twelfth of which, after deducting expenses, I have directed to be transferred, as my donation, to the Royal Naval School, (at this time about to be established,) on its adoption of the Madras System of education. An exemplification of this system may be seen in the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, and in the Central and other well-regulated schools of the National Society.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"A. BELL."

In consequence of this communication, a meeting of the Provisional Committee was forthwith called, at which the President, Sir Henry Blackwood, informed the members "that in order to lay the best information regarding the above system of education before it, he had himself, accompanied by a sub-committee, visited Chelsea Military Asylum the day before, and was much gratified by what he had seen. Dr. Russell, also, head master of the Charter-house School in London, and Mr. Riddell, master of the Upper Naval School in Greenwich, were present, and spoke in the highest terms of the system—especially Dr. Russell, who considered it capable of being applied to every branch of instruction."

The Committee did not feel themselves authorized either to accept or refuse Dr. Bell's truly munificent offer, and proceeded to take steps to call a general meeting, and in the mean time Capt. M'Konochie was requested to proceed to Cheltenham, partly to thank Dr. Bell—"most earnestly and sincerely for his unexampled liberality, of which the Service at large, both now, and in all time to come, must ever be truly sensible—partly to ascertain from him what the specific pledge would be which he would require at their hands if his offer were accepted."

An adjourned meeting of the Committee took place on Thursday, when Capt. M'Konochie reported that the pledge required by Dr. Bell was—

"That the tuition at the proposed school should be on the system of mutual instruction and moral discipline, as exemplified in the principles and practice of the Madras school."

"That with this pledge he would be perfectly satisfied, relying on the honour of the Navy at large, that it would not give a pledge which it would not fully redeem."

And that—

"If the Society agrees to his terms, he wishes that Captain M'Konochie, or some other deputy from it, should be prepared to return to Cheltenham in about a fortnight, when he expects his trustees to be with him, and the transaction could be completed."

The Committee of course came to the resolution that it was highly expedient to accept Dr. Bell's generous offer, and have communicated the same to the Naval Committees at the Out Ports, and, conceiving that answers may be received by the 11th, they intend calling a general meeting for that day.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 27.—John Barrow, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—A paper on the course of the Quorra from Youri to the sea was read, being extracted from the journals of the two Landers, and communicated by John Barrow, Esq. The paper was accompanied by plans and a map, showing the course of the river, constructed by Lieut. Becher, R.N. Previous to the reading of the paper the President addressed the members, and stated briefly the method which had been adopted in laying down the course of the river. Although neither of the travellers were capable of making observations for latitude and longitude, and possessed neither instruments nor chronometers, their track could be pretty nearly ascertained. The position of the mouth of the river Nun on the sea coast was known, and also that of Boussa which had been laid down by Clapperton, the former being the southern, and the latter the northern limit, between which all the river navigation must necessarily fall. The courses pursued by the travellers between these two points each day, and the estimated distance they had passed over, after making allowance for the current, were laid down successively until their arrival at the sea, on a very large scale. This was then reduced into the sheets laid before the Society, and again reduced into the map; and the coincidences observable between the positions of places now met with and those formerly assigned to them, render it extremely probable that the course of the Quorra has been determined with an accuracy that could hardly have been expected. The River Coodonia, flowing from the N.E. out of the Nyffe country, was passed precisely where it is laid down by Clapperton, and the junction of the Tchadda with the Quorra was found much in the same place as laid down by report. Youri was also laid down about four days' journey up the Quorra to the north of Boussa, and agreed very nearly with respect to the position of Sockato, which had been previously laid down by Clapperton.

The paper commenced with the departure of the Landers in January 1830 from Portsmouth, and their arrival on the coast. Their directions were to proceed to Boussa, by land from Badagry, and from thence up the river to Youri. At this place they were to embark on the Quorra or Niger, and not to quit the river, lead where it might, until they came to its termination at the sea—orders which they have executed to the very letter. Mr. Barrow stated it as his opinion, that the Niger has nothing whatever to do with the Quorra, and believes the former to be entirely another river. There are two remarkable facts which may be thrown out for the consideration of those who would speculate on this matter:—one is, that the word Niger was never met with by the Landers among the natives on any part of its banks—that it was called the Quorra by those to the northward; and the other is, that to the southward it was called by the natives by a name signifying 'black or dark water.' It is also called by them the 'Father of Waters.'

The approach to Kiama is described as being highly interesting and romantic. The road lay through a forest of immense trees; so dense was their foliage, that the light from above was entirely excluded. It had become late in the day, and they were yet some distance from the town.

Towards dusk, they were met by a party of mounted soldiers, dispatched by the King of Kiama to escort them into his town. Night came on, and the fire-flies, which sported around them, like particles of flame, in all directions, were reflected from the gaudy trappings of the horses, and the accoutrements and arms of the soldiers. The whole forest was full of them. The soldiers rode sometimes by their side, or dropped in their rear, and again galloped suddenly past them before, contributing in no small degree to the bustle and importance of the cavalcade, which after a few hours arrived at Kiama. The travellers were immediately conveyed to the presence of the King, who received them graciously, and ordered them to be lodged in one of the best houses of the town.

When passing through another town, the horse soldiers, on their arrival, immediately rode up to them, and after going through their manoeuvres, by brandishing their swords within an inch of their noses, (to their no small discomfiture,) dismounted and prostrated themselves before them, assuring them at the same time of the health of their sovereign.

On arriving at Boussa, the travellers were surprised on finding it to be situated on the main land, and not on an island, as Clapperton had supposed it to be. This was, however, easily accounted for. Boussa is situated on the fork formed by the junction of a sluggish river with the Quorra. This is called by Clapperton, the Menai branch of the Quorra, and, having passed it to reach Boussa, supposing it to be a branch of the Quorra, he naturally imagined that Boussa was on an island. At Boussa they were well received by the King, and being anxious to obtain the papers of Park, who was lost off that place, they were deterred from asking about them at first, by the apprehension of affronting the King, or incurring his displeasure. They were at length bold enough to make the inquiry, and heard of a man who had in his possession, a book which had been preserved by him as having belonged to that unfortunate traveller. Accordingly, a reward was promised if it should be the journal they were in quest of, and with much pomp and ceremony, as well as care, the book in question was brought on an appointed day, anxiety and eagerness possessing both parties alike—the one to obtain the proffered reward, the other to secure Park's journal. The book was slowly unrolled from a napkin in which it was preserved, and turned out to be no more than a book of logarithms, to the great disappointment of both parties.

The celebrated city of Youri was reached by a tedious passage of four days up the river, which in one part, a short distance from Boussa, was so shallow that it was nearly fordable. This was in the end of June, the last of the dry season. While at Youri, the rains set in; and, before they left it, the place was half covered with water. This is frequently the case with the towns on the Quorra: they are built so close to the river in most places, and in others they are so low, that when the river swells by the rains, the towns are half overflowed. Youri was left by the river Cubba, which runs into the Quorra to the north of it; and the travellers descended to Boussa, passing over banks and shoals without any danger, which had been quite dry as they went up. Much delay seems to have been experienced by them from the difficulty of procuring canoes; as well as from the inherent idleness and apathy of the natives.

Below Boussa, a large city, called Rabbah, which we see is placed on the north bank of the river, was the first important point arrived at. Here the river takes its course to the eastward for a considerable distance, as far as Egga, another considerable town on the opposite bank. At this latter place, instances of the slave trade were observed. A party, amounting to about

two hundred, were seen by Lander's party, exposed in ranks for sale, composed of men, women, and children, indiscriminately. From this place they are passed on from hand to hand, till they at length reach the sea. Here large canoes were observed, having a hut in their centre capable of containing their owner, who is a merchant, and all his family; so that they travel in them for trade, and require no other habitation. Many of the canoes had blood smeared on the sterns, and feathers stuck in them, to preserve them from the attacks of robbers, from which, it appears, the river is not free. At an island near this place, the people were making haste away from their village in canoes, in consequence of the water having risen so high as to inundate a great part of it. An amusing anecdote was related of a large rock in this part of the river, in which the superstitious natives believed there dwelt a genius who was famed for his benevolent disposition. It is a very conspicuous object in the river, being entirely white, and about 300 feet high. Here they say sin and sorrow are unknown; the hungry are fed, the sick are healed, and the tears of the mourner are dried up. It is necessary, however, that the visitor, whoever he may be, should make known his wants to the genius or spirit of the mountain in prayer; when, if hungry, he receives the most delicious food; if ill, he is immediately cured; and, should he be inclined to stay some days, he may do so, and enjoy the blessings of the place. Fundah is not on the banks of the Quorra, as supposed to be by Clapperton, but lies three days' journey up the Tehadda from its junction with the Quorra. There is a path to Fundah also from the left bank of the Quorra, which is immediately opposite to the great Bocquay market.

Just below the junction of the Quorra the river runs to the south through a chain of mountains, which take their course to the S.E. to the sea. The river runs south about 200 miles from the sea, by Bocquay, a celebrated market for slaves, frequented, it appears, by the traders from every place near it, particularly below it, towards the sea. The traders, who are chiefs of principal towns, bring hither goods obtained from vessels in the mouths of the rivers Benin, Nun, and others. These consist of rum, or rather rum and water, cottons, muskets and ammunition, &c.; and the Bocquay market is the most celebrated for slaves and ivory in the whole river.

The disaster which befel the travellers took place near Kirree, a little lower down the river where they were attacked, and the canoe sunk which contained all their equipage. Some of the journals were there lost, but sufficient was fortunately preserved to render the account of the whole voyage complete. Each of the towns on the banks of the river, to some distance above this place, is governed by its own chief or king, as he is called. Right is maintained by strength, and no acknowledgment of sway over countries is known, in consequence much predatory warfare goes on. Below this place the river turns to the S.W. to the Eboe country, where, after expanding into a sort of lake, the delta is commenced, and the river branches off to the south and west. The country assumes an appearance of sameness—no rising ground is seen for many miles—the mangrove becomes predominant on the banks—the effect of the tide is discovered—and the sea is at length gained. Many villages and much cultivated land are to be found on the banks of the river, even with one or two exceptions, at every three or four miles. The breadth in some places is said, by the travellers, to be five or six miles, and the current to run four and five miles the hour. The paper was concluded with some important remarks on the course of the river, to the same effect as mentioned by Mr. Barrow at the commencement, and was

received, by the most numerous meeting of the whole season, with considerable interest and satisfaction. The thanks of the Society were immediately voted to the Landers for their valuable communication.

The President then observed, that the present being the concluding meeting for the season, he was in hopes it would be found that much good had been already done by the Society since its formation; and he was happy in stating, that the Council had awarded His Majesty's premium of Fifty Guineas to the Landers, for having discovered the course and termination of the Quorra. This communication was received with great satisfaction.

The younger brother, John Lander, was present at the meeting; but the elder, Richard, who was formerly with Clapperton, was prevented from attending by illness.

A letter was subsequently read from M. Bonpland, announcing his speedy return from Paraguay, where he had been detained some years by the Dictator, Dr. Francia.

Sir John Stanley, bart. was elected a Fellow of the Society.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

June 27.—The last meeting for the season was held this evening, Sir Henry Hallford, bart., G.G.H., president, in the chair.—Two valuable and interesting papers to the profession were read by the registrar, Dr. Francis Hawkins. The first, 'On the Renewed Susceptibility of the Vaccine and Variolous Poisons,' by George Gregory, M.D. The second, 'An Account of an unusual Distribution of certain of the Abdominal Veins in a body examined by the late James Wilson, F.R.S.,' communicated by his son, Dr. James A. Wilson.

Several specimens of the bark, oil, and leaves of the Cinnamon, together with some candles made of the expressed oil of the seeds, were upon the table. Also a variety of recent specimens of medicinal plants flowering at this season, from Mr. Hiff, of Kennington.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH GALLERY.

Old Masters.

This is the best collection we remember to have seen exhibited at this institution for several years past. It contains a hundred and seventy-two pictures of rare merit, displaying a rich store of the perfection of art. The Italian masters out-number those of the other schools, and the elevation of their style and composition, interspersed amid the richness and brilliant colouring of the Flemish and Dutch schools, imparts to the whole collection an intellectuality which, if duly appreciated, may do much towards the development of genius in the young and aspiring British artist.

History painting, or, to speak more correctly, the expression upon canvas of sublime and elevated conceptions, is at a low ebb in our national school. The intense application, the long and persevering study, necessary for this high branch of art, has, perhaps, discouraged more than one aspirant for fame; whilst the brilliant effects produced, without great mental exertion, by studying the Flemish and Dutch masters, have contributed, in no small degree, to vitiate that purity of taste which we yet hope to see as one of the distinguishing characteristics of the British school. The study of Rubens and of Rembrandt, and an exact imitation of nature, are desirable for the attainment of correct execution in painting; but something more than this is requisite to constitute a picture of a high order; for the latter ought to be raised above the events of ordinary human existence, as much as the actions described in a perfect epic poem are be-

yond the deeds of ordinary men. Harmony of colouring, and beautiful execution, are, therefore, the mere clothing of elevated composition and intellectuality of design; and the latter requisite is to be found only in the ideal beauty of the Greek models, the perfection of nature, and in the works of those great masters who have studied both. We have said thus much in the hope of calling the attention of our young artists to this higher and more intellectual, though more difficult branch of the art.

We pretend not to the power of doing justice to this beautiful collection, nor do our limits allow us to notice every gem by which it is adorned. We shall, therefore, confine our observations to some of the pictures which in our first view of these works of genius—which months and years might be profitably spent in studying—have struck us as pre-eminently beautiful.

No. 5. *Holy Family*. TITIAN. The composition and harmony of colouring in this picture are exquisite. The figures are placed in a beautiful landscape, in which the sunbeams are seen playing through the foliage. Some minor defects in drawing, particularly in the leg of St. John, are overlooked in the general beauties of the picture.

Nos. 6, 80, & 114. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. The first of these, the *Snake in the Grass*, is well known, and has often been described before. The expression of the female figure is perfect. The second, a *Portrait of Mrs. Lloyd*, is of an intellectual character that would not discredit the higher works of the Italian schools; and the third, which is a *Portrait of Sir William Hamilton*, far from sustaining injury from a comparison with a portrait by Titian close to it, rather eclipses by its brilliancy many beauties of the latter.

No. 9. *Portrait of a Lady*. CUYP. At first we mistook this picture for a Rembrandt, although the back-ground is of a lighter description than is generally found in the works of that master, to whose school Cuyp belongs. This portrait is beautifully executed, and of great force and effect, although finished with such care that even the marks of small-pox, existing in the face of the model, are given with the most minute detail.

No. 11. *An Inn-door, with Figures*. ISAAC OSTADE. The sober tone of the landscape seen through the fence, contrasting with the vivid colouring and bustling animation of the principal scene, is exquisite. No. 147 is a beautiful landscape with figures, by the same master; and No. 153, a landscape, still more beautiful, by DECKER and ISAAC OSTADE.

Nos. 12 and 16 are fine landscapes, by HOBIMA. The composition of the first is perhaps the most intellectual; but the latter is worthy of particular attention, from its representing, with the greatest fidelity, that appearance which country scenery assumes after a heavy shower.

No. 19. *Raphael and Fornarina*. RAPHAEL. A picture most exquisitely composed and executed, full of intention, sentiment, and feeling. Its beauties are of the highest order, and its forms such as would do honour to the Greeks, even when the arts were at the zenith of their excellence among that people. In looking at minor details, the legs of the female figure, and the drapery above them, which are of perfect form and effect, deserve particular attention.

Nos. 25 and 31. P. TIBALDI. These two pictures are full of effect and feeling; they elicit our attention and admiration, although placed, one on each side of—

No. 29. *The Coronation of the Virgin*, GUIDO, a picture, whose brilliancy of colouring, effect of chiaroscuro, religious and mystical elevation of composition, beauty and expression in each of its numerous heads, render it one of the best in the collection. No. 98, by the same master, is only inferior to it.

No. 43, by VELASQUEZ, represents the infant Don Balthazar on horseback, accompanied by

the Count Duke d'Olivarez. The composition of this picture displays powers of a superior order. In its execution there is much merit; and, amongst other details, a rather unusual effect is produced by making a leg clothed in light-coloured hose, with also a light-coloured shoe, stand out in relief upon a ground also of a light colour.

No. 47. *Triumph of Silenus*. RUBENS. In stopping to examine this picture, we felt disposed to be critical; but Rubens, the magician, who always maintained painting to be a magical illusion, actually robs us, in spite of our better judgment, of our full, earnest, and unqualified meed of admiration.

Nos. 48. *The Marriage Feast*, and 165. *The Immaculate Conception*. MURILLO. Both exquisite from their simplicity and elevated feeling. The latter, in particular, is remarkable for nature, sweetness, and force.

No. 51. *Jonas*. GASPARD POUSSIN. A beautiful and elevated composition. Many parts of this picture remind us more of Nicholas Poussin than of Gaspar.

No. 53. *A Woman looking from a Window*. REMERANDT. Admirable! This is not painting, it is life itself; and, on looking at it for some time, we forget that we are contemplating a picture, and not an individual before us. There is actual life in the eyes. The truth and brilliancy of this head make it an *emporte-pièce*; and it certainly destroys the effects of works of a much higher order, placed in its dangerous neighbourhood.

Nos. 21, 58, and 62, are beautiful CLAUDES. In the first, the Sun announces his early presence by a purple glow on the horizon near which is to be seen, just emerged from darkness, the dome of the most magnificent of Christian churches, conveying an idea of the silence and repose of nature, which an elevated and contemplative mind alone can appreciate; but it is rather too indistinct and shadowy. The second picture, a *Flight into Egypt*, is the representation of such a landscape as might be imagined in a terrestrial paradise. The last is a beautiful sun-set view in the Mediterranean, in which there is so exquisite and brilliant an effect of light and transparency, that we could almost fancy motion in the waves of the sea represented in this picture.

No. 76. *A Musical Party called the Corset Bleu*. METZER. Of all the painters of the school of Gerard Douw, Metzger is assuredly the most intellectual. Every production of this master presents, besides admirable colouring and minuteness of detail and execution, that which no other master of the same school can claim—intention and feeling above the style to which he devoted his talents. This is one of his best works, and is well worthy of attention and study.

No. 83. *The Saltator Mundi*, by CARLO MATTI, is one of those productions, in which the gross realities of human nature are forgotten in the attempted representation of all that is elevated and sublime. The exquisite simplicity and beauty of this picture kindle emotions of love, wonder, and delight. It cannot be studied too attentively.

No. 113 is a pure brilliant specimen of Téniers.

No. 142. *Marriage of St. Catherine*, PARMIGIANO, is likewise a production of the same description as the preceding, though it has traces of the affectation of the master.

We conclude this notice by calling to the attention of our readers a beautiful landscape by BOTH, No. 119, which is a display of nature, purity and delicacy of touch; likewise Nos. 17, (the left wrist quite wonderful) 35, 54; 57, though somewhat faded, and looking like a painting in fresco; 70, 85; 95, a sweet landscape by GAINSBOROUGH, 104, 109, 150; but, after all, we must leave it to their taste and judgment.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Games of Scotland. H. Andrews pinx. et lithog.

A representation of the Annual Meeting held at St. Fellans, Perthshire, for the encouragement of the National Games of Scotland. A work of equal interest and merit, and a daring attempt for a young artist. We do not remember often to have seen a picture with so many figures. Mr. Andrews has contrived without destroying the broad general effect, to break the subject into groups, and to preserve what may be called the fidelity of the scene. This is the great merit, because here was the chief difficulty; but every part of the picture is deserving commendation—the landscape is excellent. We look upon this as a work of a higher order than the modesty of a lithograph might lead our readers to anticipate: in our judgment, it is a work of equal power and promise; and we shall be disappointed, if Mr. Andrews's name be not hereafter better known to the public.

The Most Noble Elizabeth Marchioness of Stafford. Engraved by Dean, after Sir Thomas Lawrence.

A very fine portrait, the seventy-ninth of the series of the female nobility, to illustrate the new number of *La Belle Assemblée*. It is an excellent likeness, full of expression—of that mild virtue so becoming in woman, not the less to be admired because it is graced by a coronet.

We have had two or three little things sent us, which hardly deserve the formality of a separate notice:—

Fan, by F. C. TURNER, engraved by PYALL, (London, Stroud & Mackerness,) is a faithful likeness we have no doubt, and will be welcome to ladies who delight in pet spaniels.

Music and Love, or, Two Rival Performers on one String and one Bow, is really a caricature, and clever enough—only there is not one word of truth in the story on which it is founded.

MUSIC

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS' CONCERT.

DE BEGNIS had, as he deserved, a crowded room, and of well-dressed company. Pasta was unfortunately ill, and we were thus deprived of a part of the promised entertainment, although she sang 'Batti, batti.' De Begnis exerted himself to the evident gratification of all, and was well supported by the principal singers;—but the chief attraction was Paganini, who, though he exhibited but in one short piece, seemed equally to delight and astonish the company.

THEATRICALS

THE PATENT THEATRES.

Covent Garden, which had lingered a short time behind its defunct sister of the Lane, closed its career on Monday last, on which occasion Mr. John Mason repeated the character of *Romeo*. We were unable to attend; but have been told that he had nearly recovered from his hoarseness, and, upon the whole, acquitted himself so as to confirm the favourable opinion previously entertained of him. The question now is, "What are the two great theatres going to do next season?" Some difficulties are stated to have arisen with regard to the final dissolution of partnership at Drury Lane: but we presume that these will somehow be disposed of, and that Captain Polhill will remain sole lessee. Rumour, indeed, has already assigned him several new partners; but as rumour does not feel bound to find money, the various reports, wanting the support of this life-preserver, will most probably

float about until they sink from exhaustion. The appeal in the Covent Garden case is expected to come on very shortly in the House of Lords; and, until that be disposed of, it is not certain what hands that theatre will be in next season. Whoever may be the proprietors, or lessees rather, of these respective establishments, we must take this opportunity to repeat our hopes that they will come to an amicable understanding, and start determined to pull together. They have no other chance of success.

We have sometimes witnessed a fight between two great dogs for the possession of a valuable bone; and while they have been engaged in the laudable endeavour to injure each other, a little cur has slipped between them unperceived, run away with the bone, and seated himself to the quiet picking thereof in some snug and distant corner. Perhaps some likeness may be traced in this to the proceedings between the majors and minors. The dearth of actors and actresses of great and acknowledged talent, who have, at the same time, lungs of sufficient strength to make themselves heard in these large buildings, is, undoubtedly, one main cause of their diminished attractiveness; but, if due attention be paid to the making up for this by strengthening the general cast of plays, and by giving such pieces as are calculated to instruct and elevate while they amuse the mind, instead of the tinsel and trash upon which it has latterly been the increasing custom to depend, we see no reason why the great houses should not, and would not, be attended as well as they used to be. We know that the managers will answer to this, that they have become so completely the servants instead of the masters of the principal performers, that they have little or no power to enforce any regulations they may make; but our reply is, that the fault is with themselves for having permitted this unnatural state of things, and that if they will heartily co-operate with each other, the means to remedy the defect are still within their own power.

With every respect for the theatrical profession generally, and for many highly estimable persons belonging to it in particular, we still assert that, as a body, we know of no set of men who show less alacrity in sacrificing their individual fancies (for it goes beyond interests), to the general good of the establishment at which they chance to be engaged. This may be partly excused by the almost unavoidable habit of estimating the value of any play by the quantum of applause which their part may enable them to extract from the audience, and partly accounted for by the frequent changes of houses among the principal performers. These changes are immediately referable to the destructive nightly-salary system, a system originally forced by the managers themselves upon actors, who have thereby lost the *esprit de théâtre* they used to feel for the house, which, when once regularly engaged, they were accustomed to look upon as their permanent theatrical home. And what are the results of this system? The answer is easy. Certain members of a profession, the pains, penalties and uncertainties of which are twice a year set forth in glowing colours, at the dinners given in aid of the Theatrical Funds, make large fortunes in a short time, ride in their carriages, and act now and then when it suits them; while vast numbers of their brethren, of the second and lower grades, with equal brains perhaps, but in other respects less physically gifted by nature, are underpaid and half-starved, and the managers, who find all the capital, and run all the real risk, fail in succession, and make periodical appearances in the Gazette. If the managers be content to sit down quietly under the sufferings brought upon them by folly, commenced by their predecessors, and continued by themselves, it might be well to let them do so—but

they are not the only persons who suffer. And on behalf of the public, we call upon them to find some means of remedying the abuse.—While on this subject, we feel it our duty to call their attention to the practices of some of the leading singers of the present day, by which every kind of musical trash is thrust down the throats of the public, to the great annoyance of those who know good music from bad, and to the serious detriment of the interests of the theatres. A singer if he have any real talent, is well paid at the theatre at which he is engaged, and this has hitherto been his legitimate remuneration: now, however, other sources of emolument must be found. The music originally written for an opera, must be omitted, to make room for this or that song belonging to a particular publisher. Such publisher pays the singer ten, twenty, or thirty guineas, according to the rapacity of the individual, and then annoys the public, by sending screaming boys into the galleries, to clamour for one and frequently two encores to the song in question, in order that he may reimburse himself out of the increased sale caused by advertising it, as “the celebrated air nightly encored at” so and so. We submit that this calls for repression with a strong hand. The author of the words may take his brains for his pains; the composer may get perhaps his five guineas; the publisher, who, as in the instance of the manager before alluded to, finds the capital, and runs the risk, may forego one half of his fair profit; while the singer, who, in such case, is the mere machine, runs away with the fruit of their joint exertions, and laughs at their gullibility.—Garrick had 1000*l.* per annum for acting and managing; Woodward had 16*l.* 10*s.* per week; Shuter and Smith 14*l.*; Mr. and Mrs. Barry had 1500*l.* a year between them, 300*l.* of which was allowed for their dresses. The salaries of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are pretty generally known, and it was only at the very close of their brilliant careers that they received anything but the highest rate of weekly salary. We have no wish to under-rate existing talent; nor have we the slightest wish that it should be underpaid; but surely, something like that which was sufficient for the names we have mentioned, might suffice for actors of the present day.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On Tuesday last a new comedy, in two acts, called ‘A Friend at Court,’ written by Mr. Planché, was produced at this house. Some persons who associate the idea of comedy with opera hats, white waistcoats, knee-breeches, and a scene of Grosvenor Square or Hyde Park, have considered it a misnomer for the piece—they may be right for all we know, and indeed, “not to speak it profanely,” for all we care; for it is one of those roses which “by any other name would smell as sweet.” This two-act “what-you-may-call-it” then, is taken in part from a French piece called ‘La Fille d’Honneur,’ in which Madlle. Mars used to act most delightfully, but it is so treated as to be not only particularly well adapted to the English stage, but actually a much better play than the original. We remember a little interlude of Mr. Planché’s some years ago at the Adelphi called ‘Success’—it would be an appropriate name for almost everything he writes, for he is beyond dispute the most prolific and the most uniformly successful of modern dramatists. We feel pleasure in saying this, because it is just and true, and we can the better afford to do so, because, not being a disappointed author ourselves, we have no spleen to vent against a cleverer man. “*Pal-mam qui meruit*,” &c.—“Whomsoever the cap fitteth,” &c.—The scene is laid in Cassel, where we find a family consisting of the Baron Ludwig von Graffenthal, his wife, and an orphan daughter of the Baron’s deceased brother. The Baron,

though keeping up a large establishment, is a ruined man, having, among other matters, lost large sums at play to a pretended friend, the Count Florelli. The Baron is endeavouring to obtain a place at Court, and to further his views, it is planned between him and the Count that the niece, Emma von Graffenthal, shall be betrayed into the hands of the eldest son of the Electress, who has seen and become enamoured of her. The better to effect this, the Electress is unsuspectingly induced to appoint Emma one of her maids of honour. The Baron has another brother, Conrad, whom he has not seen for twenty-eight years, in consequence of his having offended the pride of his family in early life by an unequal marriage. This Conrad has, in the interim, passed through all the gradations from pedlar to merchant, and is, at the opening of the piece, a man of immense wealth. Aware that he cannot be recognized, he comes to his brother’s castle to satisfy himself as to the condition of his niece Emma, and there finds, to his astonishment, that his son Ebert, whom he had sent on his travels, has met and fallen in love with his cousin Emma, and that, to be near her, he has changed his name to Schreiber and become private secretary to the Baron. Conrad having learned the history of all parties from his son, determines on effecting the happiness of those who deserve it, and on reclaiming his brother if possible, who has misapplied to his own use a large sum of money, formerly sent to him by Conrad, in trust for the benefit of their niece Emma. We cannot go the length of detailing all the means he pursues, but, having also assumed his son’s adopted name of Schreiber, and having convinced the bankrupt Baron that he is very wealthy, he obtains a footing in the castle, and after several well-managed scenes, some of which are powerfully effective, all his objects are brought about.—In addition to the tact and stage-knowledge evinced by Mr. Planché throughout this piece, it contains some very neat and pointed writing. We will not say that Mr. Farren’s acting in Conrad was above praise, but it would be extremely difficult to put praise above his acting. Miss Taylor was, as usual, very clever in the part of Emma; she played with great earnestness and feeling, and if she had made it a little less melo-dramatic, we should not have had a fault to find. When repetition shall have shown her that the part is so written as to sustain itself in sufficient prominence without being forced out, she will probably take a hint which is offered in the best feeling towards the most promising general actress now on the stage. The part of the Baron had justice done it by Mr. Cooper—though we could not sympathize with either his coat or his other things. Mr. Vining was particularly agreeable in the Count Florelli; he always seems to mistrust himself when he has a fop to play—we see no reason why he should. Mrs. Faucit, though she had but little to do, was highly conducive to the general effect of the piece by the manner in which she acted the Baroness. Finally, Ebert was well represented by Mr. Bindall—there is a careful earnestness and attention to his business about this gentleman, which give the best assurance of gradual but certain improvement. ‘A Friend at Court’ was loudly and frequently applauded, and given out for repetition under the most unequivocal salutes of satisfaction from the audience. Having had nothing to do in this notice but to praise author, actors, and actresses, we do not like to disturb a mood so unusual for a critic, by finishing with a snarl at the management for bad scenery and shabby dresses—we could do so with reason if we chose, but we shall content ourselves with entreating that the Baron’s servant may be removed a little farther in point of dress from his private secretary.

MISCELLANEA

We find that Captain Fitzroy, who was lately employed under Captain King, surveying the Straits of Magellan, has recommissioned the *Beagle*, his former vessel, for the purpose of completing our charts with those parts of the South American coast which yet remain to be laid down correctly. The *Beagle* will fit out at Plymouth, and be well equipped with scientific officers, and supplied with those instruments necessary to such a service.

Journal of the Landers.—We understand that Mr. Murray has given a very large sum for this work, and that it will appear forthwith—we have indeed heard, as a volume of the Family Library.

Raphael's Holy Family and the Angels.—A miniature copy of this celebrated picture is now exhibiting in Piccadilly. The original, in the Louvre, was, it is said, valued at 40,000*l.* A very moderate *per centage* would, we should imagine, purchase this copy. It is, however, worth seeing, and may be original; but the explanatory pamphlet gives no insight into its history, and there is proof manifest of its having been retouched, and by a bungler.

The 'Saint Gregory' of Annibal Caracci.—In the gossip of art, few stories have reached us more interesting than that relating to the importation of this celebrated work of art into this country. As it is now one of the glories of our own, so it was once considered in Rome one of the richest jewels in that world of art. At the time when the French army were on their triumphant march through Italy, all were anxious to dispose of the valuables they possessed; so that the finest productions of art were everywhere offered for sums very far below their value; and to such an extent did this ransacking of the palaces proceed, that the Pope at last issued his edict to forbid the exportation of all works of art, except with the permission of a committee learned in those matters, who had positive directions to let no work pass which might be considered a loss to the collections of the city. It was at this period that Lord Northwick was at Rome, when, not a little to his surprise, an offer was made to him of the 'St. Gregory' of Annibal Caracci—but as a secret; for should the learned committee hear of it, for certain its departure would be prevented. What was to be done?—my lord was willing to purchase, yet fearful to lose his prize. A happy thought was hit upon. A poor dauber was sent for, who was ordered to paint, in body colour, over it, a copy of the 'Archangel Michael,' of Guido. This was done, and a vile affair it was. When the picture, thus prepared, was ready for the packing-case, a learned cardinal, who was on the committee of taste, was requested to see the picture before it was sent away. He came, and not a little did he smile at the taste of the noble patronizer of art, in sending to England such a villainous daub. A gentle hint was given, that it was hardly worth the expense; but my lord was all raptures with it, and off it went. When the case arrived in England, several of the first collectors of the day were invited to see the unpacking of it, upon the promise of being shown a marvellous work—(Lord Radstock and Holwell Carr were of the number). The picture was unpacked, and the 'St. Michael' of Guido stood before them. At first they stared at the picture—then at each other—then at my lord. After enjoying their surprise for some time—"Really," said he, "gentlemen, you hardly admire the picture so much as I had imagined persons of your judgment would have done. Give me a sponge, for the dust, I see, has destroyed some of the brilliancy of the colouring." A sponge was brought. Another stare was given by them all, while my lord began rubbing away at the picture.

Not long had he rubbed, before, to their surprise, out peeped the matchless head of St. Gregory;—another rub, and the attendant angels appeared;—again, and the magnificent picture was visible, to their great admiration and delight. Lord Northwick afterwards parted with it, and it is now one of the finest in the splendid collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

Hanover Square Rooms.—The lease of the Hanover Square Rooms has recently expired. The Rooms were held of the present owners, who are descendants of Gallini, at a rent of 900*l.* per annum. Gallini will be remembered by some of our readers as the dancing-master and proprietor of the Opera House, who used to be called Sir John Gallini, by virtue of some order or decoration which he had received from the Pope. The building was a speculation of Gallini's, in conjunction with Bach and Abel, the celebrated composers; but the former being the monied man, the whole property afterwards became exclusively his. The present owners have asked the Directors either 20,000*l.* for the purchase, or an increased rent of 2000*l.* per annum. The Directors, who, if we be rightly informed, have for several years past been losing money, notwithstanding the high rate of the subscription, very naturally declined to renew on such terms. Since this, the owners, on the one hand, have become alarmed at the idea of losing the Antient Concerts; and certain dowager ladies, on the other, have expressed great horror at the prospect of being deprived of their *antient* place of amusement. The consequence has been, we believe, a disposition on both sides to give way something, and an endeavour, on the part of the Directors, to effect a permanent arrangement with the Philharmonic Society to bring their Concerts to Hanover Square. The present orchestra there is scarcely more than half the size required for the accommodation of the Philharmonic band, and we much doubt whether a sufficient alteration can be made. Add to this, that it is quite clear that the convenience of private boxes, so highly prized by many of the oldest Philharmonic subscribers, must be altogether foregone; and we are inclined to think that the proposed step would be most impolitic. Should it, on further consideration, be found that we are right, we most sincerely trust that the reputation and consequent success of the finest Concerts in the world will not be risked, either for the convenience of the noble Directors of the Antient Music, or for the gratification of its subscribers, with whom those to the Philharmonic cannot possibly have anything to do. We have heard that a wealthy individual has offered the Philharmonic Society, that he will take ground in some eligible situation, and build a concert-room expressly adapted to their wants, upon condition of their engaging permanently with him. This is the offer which the Society should accept for its own credit, for the pleasure and comfort of its subscribers, and for the advancement of the art.

Temperance Societies.—We are, it appears, to have them established here. A meeting has been held under the sanction of the Bishops of London, Chester, Sodor and Man, Lord Calthorpe, Sir J. Webb, Mr. Crampton, the Solicitor General of Ireland, Mr. Allan, and others, and was well and respectfully attended. People may laugh at the idea of a temperance society in a country where the consumption of spirits is, on an average, more than two gallons a year for every man, woman, and child; but the consumption was much greater in America, and yet to such an extent have these societies been established, that many distillers have given up business altogether; and it is said, that in the extensive county of Plymouth, there is not, at this moment, a single retail dram shop. Such a society can do no harm, and may do much good. We have great fears that it will not succeed;

that there is too much misery and poverty in this populous country; that thousands, and tens of thousands, have recourse to spirits for that unnatural stimulant which shall enable them to go through unnatural exertion; that the labouring people are over-worked and under-paid; and that, unless their condition can be improved, dram-drinking must exist;—but we heartily commend the attempt, and wish every possible success may attend the exertions of those with whom the Society originates.

Cholera.—We are happy to say that the virulence of this plague has abated, and that the daily press are all recovering. We must however extract a few words from an address on a proposed Fever Hospital for the east end of London, which, under the sanction of many influential persons, is about to be established, and very wisely:—"Contagious Fever.—The attention of the public has often been anxiously directed to the subject of malignant and contagious fever, and it must be sufficiently known that at all times, and at this season of the year particularly, fever prevails to a considerable extent in all the crowded districts of the metropolis." Why then is it, that we are not in everlasting dread of these "malignant and contagious fevers" which "at all times prevail to a considerable extent in the crowded districts of the metropolis"? Because we know by experience that they are confined to those districts—and that with health, exercise, wholesome food, and cleanliness, we have nothing to fear.

Imprisonment for Debt.—It seems strange that England and America, the two nations in the world most jealous of their political liberties, should be at the same time those wherein the least respect has been paid to personal freedom in matters of pounds, shillings, and pence. The *North American Review*, in an excellent article on this subject, informs us, "that the number of persons imprisoned in the debtors' apartment in Philadelphia, from June 6, 1829, to February 24, 1830, was 817, of whom there were—

30	whose debts were below 1 dollar
233	above 1 and below 5 dollars
174	above 5 and below 10 dollars
140	above 10 and below 20 dollars
142	above 20 and below 100 dollars
98	above 100 dollars

Of 252 of these unfortunate people the debts were 8663 dollars, and the costs 8448; and of 64, the debts were 858, and the costs 8120 dollars!" Truly, the tyranny of the law furnishes a fearful counterbalance to the despotism of an individual.

New French Drama.—A piece has just been brought out at the *Nouveautés*, with the title of 'The Past, the Present, and the Future,' in which a *Man of the People* is the hero—first, as one of the labouring classes—a mason (in 1821), he thinks a new charter necessary: in the second epoch (1831), he is become a rich proprietor and architect—living, as he says, "by the sweat of the brows of his labourers"—the friend of public order, and a national guard, who is now for things as they are. In the third epoch, (1851,) Paris is become the capital of the world, after a terrible war against a coalition of Kings; our hero, the mason, is one of the richest merchants in Europe, and has Kings to wait his pleasure. Universal suffrage is enjoyed by the people, and they elect him their deputy. The other characters of the drama are disposed of *selon la nouvelle règle*—and all ends "with a song." The form of the new government has been wisely left in doubt—but the object of the authors, that of amusing the public, was completely successful.

A new opera has been brought out at the *Académie* in Paris, entitled '*Le Philtre*' (Love-Potion), the libretto by Scribe, and the music by Auber. The scene is laid on the banks of

the Adour, in Gascony, for the advantage of the scenery, and the costume and manners of the peasantry—the heroine being a farmer's daughter, and the lover a farmer's boy. But the music (say the French critics) is not equal to the previous productions of Auber.

No less than thirty-six models of Napoleon were produced by the French sculptors, in the contest for the honour of erecting the statue in the Place Vendôme. MM. Sauré and Bra were the most successful; and of these, the former was finally chosen. His model represents the hero in the costume made familiar to us by Messrs. Warde and Gomersal, holding a telescope in his right hand.

The poor wretch whom we mentioned some weeks ago as being in prison in France, and refusing all sustenance, is at length dead. He lived sixty-three days without any food whatever, and died in dreadful convulsions, refusing all spiritual consolation.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 23	74 57	30.00	N.W. to S.W.	Clear.
Fr. 24	70 50	29.73	S.W.	Shrs. A.M.
Sat. 25	69 52	29.53	N.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 26	66 49	29.40	N. to N.W.	Rain.
Mon. 27	70 49	29.55	S.W.	Rain, P.M.
Tues. 28	65 51	29.65	N.	Showers.
Wed. 29	67 53	Stat.	N. to N.W.	Rain.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cymoid Cirrostratus, Cumulus, and Nimbus.
Nights and mornings rainy.
Mean temperature of the week, 63°.

Astronomical Observations.

Moon and Jupiter in conj. on Wed. at 6h. 54m. A.M.
Moon and Herschel — Tues. at 4h. P.M.
Venus's geocent. long. on Wed. 20° 2' in Leo, even star.
Mars's — — — 52° 21' in Cancer, ditto.
Sun's — — — 6° 55' in ditto, ditto.
Length of day on Wed. 16h. 32m.; decreased, 2m. No night.
Sun's horary motion 23° 23'. Logarithmic number of distance on Saturday, .007135.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Fortcoming.—A Guide to the Fruit and Kitchen Garden; or, an Account of all the most valuable Fruits and Vegetables cultivated in Great Britain, by George Lindley. Edited by John Lindley.
The History of Public Opinion, by W. A. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P., F.R.S. 3rd edition, 2 vols. 8vo.
The Holy City of Benares will be illustrated in a Series of Plates, delineating the most striking objects to be found in this extensive seat of Hindoo learning. The whole executed by James Prinsep, Esq., during his Ten Years' Official Residence in Benares.
The Rev. William Liddiard is about to publish a Tour in Switzerland, interspersed with Poetry.
Captain Head is now preparing a Series of Views to illustrate the very interesting Scenery met with in the Overland Journey from Europe to India, with Plans and Maps of the various Routes.

Just subscribed.—Enthusiasm, and other Poems, by Susanna Strickland, 12mo. 5s.—Van Dieman's Land Almanack, for 1831, 6s.—Portraits of the Dead, by H. C. Deakin, 12mo. 7s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 20, History of Poland, Vol. 1, 3s.—Blakely on Free Will, 8vo. 7s.—Nelson's Fairy Tales, cr. 8vo. 6s.—Aldine Poets, Vol. 14, 5s.—Diddin's Library, Vol. 4, 5s.—Ronald on the Apple, royal 4to. 5s. 5s.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. 4, 12s.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. 2, 3s.—Knowledge for the People, or the Plain Why and Because, Zoological Series, Vol. 1, 4s.—Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.—Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest, by Paris, 3 vols. 6s. 15s.—Standard Novels, Vol. 5, 3s. 15s., by Godwin, 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

There is too much fierce fanaticism about *Junius Secundus*; and the subject would lead to controversy. We are obliged to H. S., but decline inserting the Poem.

We regret that G. H. lost his labour. The Pictures in Shreds and Patches are to be seen at No. 15, instead of 25, Soho Square.

Our Bermuda friend's letter was put into the post before the gentleman to whom it was delivered left the island. Our postage would swallow up half his pay, it is therefore of some consequence that letters should be sent free. About the MS. we will do our best, for the request is strange enough to put us in good humour with him.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Literature, fine Arts, &c.

A. SCHLOSS, FOREIGN BOOKSELLER, and IMPORTER OF ANATOMICAL MODELS, &c. &c., begs to inform his Friends and the Medical Profession at large, that he has removed his Establishment from No. 49, Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane, to

103, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHANCERY CROSS,

for the greater convenience of exhibiting the various productions of Science and Art, particularly those connected with the Medical Profession; and to solicit a continuance of that patronage which has already been so liberally bestowed on him;—and for which he takes this opportunity of returning his most grateful thanks: he assures his Friends that no exertion will be spared in forwarding the publication of those Anatomical Works he has been encouraged to undertake, and in importing, from time to time, such Novelties in Foreign Literature, Art, and Science, as are deemed worthy of the approbation of the Profession and the Public in general. London, June 1, 1831.

Just published, Parts I. and II., price 21s. each.

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This Atlas is on an entirely new plan, consisting of two Sections, occupying fifty Atlas Sheets. The first Section presents eight full-length Views of the Human body; viz. a front and back View of the Human Skeleton, and six others, showing the Muscles, Arteries and Veins, Nerves and Ligaments, Adult size, coloured from the Author's original Preparations. The second will exhibit the three Organs of Sense and Respiration, Alimentary Canal, &c.; and Supplements to Osteology, Syndesiology, Arteriology, and Neurology, showing the separate parts of those systems: from original Drawings, and the Works of the celebrated Professors. To be completed in five Parts. Parts III. and IV. will presently be published, when the price of the whole will be 25s. each Part to new Subscribers.

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Anatomical Models in Wax regularly imported and kept on sale; viz. the Brain; Organs of Hearing; the Eye; the Lungs and the Heart in situ; those relating to Midwifery, &c.

This day is published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. CLXXXII. for JULY, 1831.

Contents: 1. Audubon's Ornithological Biography. Introduction.—2. On Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution. No. VII. What should the Fœtus do?—3. Bercy's Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait.—4. Ireland and the Reform Bill.—5. The Plague of Absence. By Delia.—6. Passages from the Diary of an Invalid Physician. Chap. II. The Ruined Merchant.—7. On British Peasantry.—8. Solitary's Homer. Critique III.—9. Family Poetry. No. II.—10. Homer's Hymns. No. I. The Poem of Pans.—11. The River Niger, with Map of its Course, and Terminations in the Light of Baidra. Letter from James M'Queen, Esq.

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